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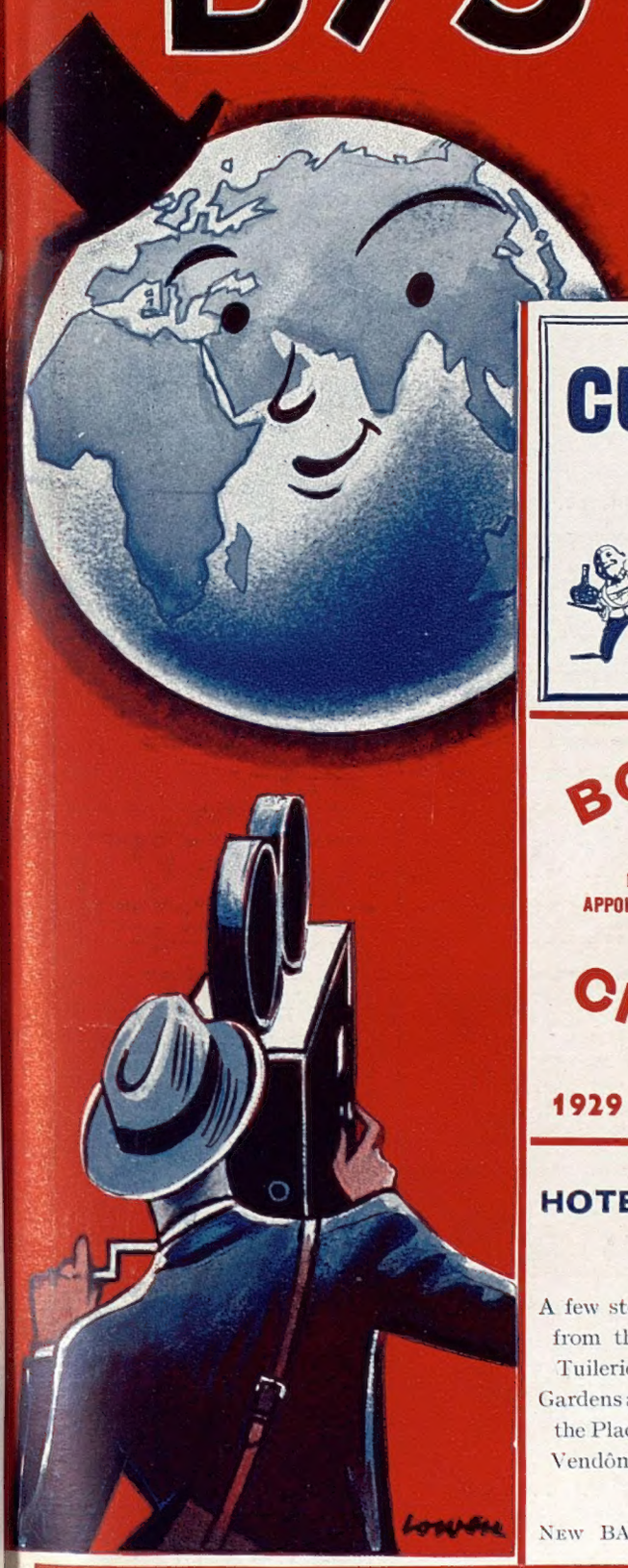

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The Bystander, April 13, 1938 No. 1791. Vol. CXXXVIII.

The Bystander

Through the Wood Comes Nova Pilbeam

Wandering on Wimbledon Common one April morning, thinking perhaps how the setting was appropriate to a white pony and a young girl of the age sung — especially in April — by the poets, you might meet Nova Pilbeam like this. She is eighteen, a serious young woman who must no longer be regarded as the adolescent who played in the *Lady of La Paz* or *Tudor Rose* or *Little Friend*. Film-goers know this who saw *Young and Innocent*, the British film which Hitchcock directed and which starred her and Derrick de Marney and which won praise from discerning critics, and which has caused Gaumont British to schedule another picture for her, title and story and cast not yet decided, as they put it. Yes, Nova Pilbeam is fond of riding near her Wimbledon home, is fond of tennis and skating and motoring. Her acting comes from her father, who was Sir Nigel Playfair's manager

Baron

Oscar Homolka Plays Two Leads in "Power and Glory"

Herr Oscar Homolka earned the admiration as well as the sympathy of London last week, when he carried on with his part in *Power and Glory* after the sudden death of his wife had caused the postponement of its first night. Frau Homolka, who was Baroness Hatvany before her marriage to the actor in London last December, died after a short illness on the day the piece was planned to start. Herr Homolka has not been seen on the London stage since he won the critics overnight in *Close Quarters* three years ago, but he has acted as effectively in two films, *Rhodes of Africa* and *Sabotage*. He is quite indispensable to the production of his compatriot Karel Capek's play, for he doubles the opposed parts of a marshal and a pacifist doctor, both working in their own ways for humanity. Oscar Homolka is thirty-nine

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Prime Minister is showing no signs of physical strain, in spite of the immense amount of work which he has been getting through. He was in aggressive trim on the Labour Party's motion of censure on foreign policy. There was very little that was defensive in his attitude. He took the offensive almost at once and attacked the Labour Party with great briskness. Incidentally, he pulled the Socialist leg cheerfully on the subject of a General Election. He began by saying that before he sat down he would acquaint the House with his intentions about an election, and having thus raised expectations, he wound up by saying that no Government with an ample majority ever went to the country at the demand of such a feeble Opposition.

THE Anglo-Italian conversations are almost finished, and it looks as if agreement has been reached upon all outstanding differences, except some details about the ultimate settlement of Palestine. There will presumably be no actual signature of any agreement until the Italian troops are withdrawn from Spain. But as things seem to be moving in Catalonia just now, neither Italian troops nor any other foreign assistance will be required by General Franco in the very near future.

THE main points of the agreement will probably be British recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia ; mutual undertaking to maintain the status quo in the Mediterranean ; the freedom of the Suez Canal for all shipping in peace and war ; the stopping of Italian anti-British propaganda in the Near East ; and the recall of some Italian troops from Libya. It is not likely that a loan to Italy will be publicly mentioned at this stage.

REPORTS from Italy indicate that the Duce is much more anxious to come to terms with Britain than he was a month ago. There has been a strong wave of anti-German feeling among the Italian people, and a consequent slump in Signor Mussolini's stock. Catholic feeling is naturally on the side of Catholic Austria against non-Catholic Prussia, and patriotic feeling is naturally bitter at the "exchange by which Mussolini gave away the Passo Brennero and received instead the Paso Romano." Certainly it seems bad business to sell the pass for a goose-step.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has come back to Washington after his holiday. There is plenty of work for him, for the political and economic situation of the United States took a sharp turn for the worse while he was away. Congress has revolted against the President's Bill for reorganising the system of government ; the Senate's Finance Committee went on the warpath to help big business ; and the stock-markets got more depressed than ever. Mr. Roosevelt's opponents say that he is tired, disillusioned and muddled. His friends retort that he is as full of fight as ever, and is bulging with schemes for restoring the situation. So you can take your choice.

ANOTHER leader who has been having his trouble is Monsieur Blum, who tumbled into it the moment he published his financial programme. The proposals in it were so drastic that the Senate was almost certain to reject it from the start.

Leopard-Skin Setting for a Film Audience

The Odeon's leopard-plush seats have something appropriate as setting for the audience for the present film, Korda's North-West frontier spectacle. "The Drum," had a big premiere there last week ; neighbours among the leopards were Lady Aberconway, Lady Baldwin and Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who wrote the story of "The Drum"

Surrealism from Belgium

René Magritte, the leading Belgian surrealist artist, is holding an exhibition at the moment at the London Gallery (until May 3rd). Here is the bowler-hatted artist himself beside his top-hatted oil painting, catalogued as "The Barbarian," but titled on the frame, in Russian, "The Detective"

Does He Look Tired ?

President Roosevelt is back from his holiday at Warm Springs, Georgia, where this snapshot was taken. He looks gay enough to give the lie to all the people who say—and hope—that he 's "tired, disillusioned and muddled"

Heil, Degrelle!

M. Léon Degrelle, the leader of the Rexists, the Fascist party in Belgium, complacently saluted London in the manner appropriate to his political theories, when he arrived here on a visit last week

The Capital Levy, which was in the forefront of the battle, infuriated the small farmer whose dislike of any form of taxation has been the ruin of many a French Government before now, and another proposal, directed against tax-dodgers, also headed straight for unpopularity, tax-dodging being an important branch of French national sport.

AIR-RAID precautions are whizzing along at their accustomed sensational speed. Not one single step in the organisation of protection has been taken in my area, and the "model" shelter at the end of my street would still be inadequate against a soft-boiled egg dropped from a thousand feet. I went and inspected it yesterday, and found a couple of ex-Servicemen having a good laugh inside. "An old elephant iron and two layers of sandbags," was their verdict on its construction, and they were quite right.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP's negotiations with the Amalgamated Engineering Union have not had a very smooth beginning. The subject, of course, is the speeding-up of rearmament. The A.E.U. is the key-union and its attitude is of supreme importance. At the first meeting with the Minister of Co-ordination, the engineering representatives hinted that they disliked the Government's foreign policy, asked what the arms were to be used for, and enquired what sacrifices were going to be made by the employers. The A.E.U. is now considering Sir Thomas's reply, and there will be more meetings.

IF the South Wales' miners really do strike, as it is thought they may, it will be one of the most remarkable examples of muddled thinking on record. For their unrest is due to the return from Spain of a number of their colleagues in the pits who have been seriously wounded while serving in the International Brigade. There was no talk of a strike when the men enlisted, or when some of them were killed, but now that some of the wounded have appeared, the Government's policy on Spain is suddenly discovered to be a good reason for an industrial strike.

FOR students of international affairs, and we all of us ought to be that nowadays, a grim but fascinating book has just been published by the House of Collins. It is called *The Whispering Gallery of Europe*, and it is by Major-General Temperley, who was for years our military representative at Geneva. It is a terrible indictment of the muddles and the criminal folly and the blind selfishness of the men who are collectively directly responsible for the state of the world to-day.

IT is good news for everyone connected, however remotely, with the unhappy trade of literature that Mr. A. P. Herbert is actively engaged upon his new campaign to reform the law of libel. As the law stands at present, it is a perpetual menace hanging over the heads of writer, publisher and printer, and it is a direct encouragement to professional gold-diggers. A great many of the libel actions which reach the courts would never be possible under a reasonable law, and many others, equally unfair, are settled out of court.

A CLUB has been founded by a group of what are, I believe, journalistically known as sportsmen, which has for its primary object the foundation of a benevolent fund for golf caddies. Members of the club, which is called "The Two Club," will pay a small annual subscription, part of which will go to the benevolent fund and part into prizes for competitions among the members. There is no club-house or golf-course attached to the Two Club, and the prizes can be competed for on any recognised course. The idea of doing something practical for caddies, a long-neglected body of men, is altogether praiseworthy.

PSYCHOLOGISTS might well employ their leisure hours in investigating the extraordinary problem of the sensitiveness of American professional golfers. Last year Mr. Guldahl almost burst into tears because so few people wanted to watch him doing his stuff in this country. And now Mr. Sarazen has retired from international golf because he has never been appointed captain of the American team. "It is an insult to a wound that will never heal," whimpered the poor little chap. The queer thing about it is that American professional golfers all look very tough citizens indeed. But one must realise that a shrinking violet may lurk underneath the most rugged of dials.

FRANÇOIS VILLON might have laughed his bitter laugh over the fate of Dolores, the most famous artist's model of our times. She had a strange beauty, that was like no one else's, and tens of thousands of people who never saw her knew her face. She is buried in an unmarked grave in North London, and not a flower has ever been put upon it.

THE production of Mr. Gerald Savory's new play at the Embassy next week is being awaited with more than usual interest, for it is one more example of the old question, "Is he a one-play man?" The classic case was the almost painful interest with which the theatre-going world looked forward for so long to the second play of the author of *Journey's End*. In the meanwhile, *George and Margaret*, Mr. Savory's first play, goes bowling merrily on.

MR. JOSEPH BECKETT, former British heavy-weight boxing champion, has just given a nice little object-lesson to British politicians, whether heavy-weight or light-weight. When addressed sharply, and indeed, almost unkindly, by the driver of a van on the road in Hampshire, Mr. Beckett did not even slap his face.

THE Japanese have sent the present of a "haori," or happy-coat, to a certain European ruler. Being essentially a temperate individual, I naturally would not dream of making any cracks about haori-kaori, or happy despatch.

Victim of a Spring-tide Whim

The sun was hot but the wind and tide were high, and the Putney ice-cream man had to jump from his leisurely course along the towpath, leaving his deserted "shop" awash, incongruous to the point of surrealism

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

URGENT !

Five Debutantes of 1938

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Elizabeth Bridge

Elizabeth Bridge is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Bridge, of West Wratting Park, Cambridgeshire. Her aunt, Mrs. Gerard Tharp, has already given one dance for her at Chippenham Park; her mother plans to give others in the season. Her father received the C.M.S. from the King in February

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Garland Bullivant

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Bullivant, of Mortimer House, Egerton Gardens, where her parents are giving a dance for her on April 27th. She hunts with the Cattistock, has already published one book and has another ready

Pearl Freeman

Miss Jean Fetherstonhaugh

Is the only daughter of the late Major Ashley Fetherstonhaugh, D.S.O., 14th King's Hussars, and Mrs. W. R. Calvert. Her mother will present her and is giving a dance for her at 6, Stanhope Gate, on June 30th

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Vivian Mary Usborne

Is the only child of Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Usborne, of 14, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W., and will be presented by her mother. Her interests are music and history and she has just returned from Dresden

Bassano

Miss Daphne Rodocanachi

Daphne Rodocanachi (left) is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rodocanachi. She had her dance on March 23rd, will be presented by Lady Granville. She has returned from Paris for the season, is a keen horsewoman, and has competed at Olympia and Richmond

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Deborah Mitford is Also a Debutante

Deborah Mitford is the youngest of the six daughters of Lord and Lady Redesdale; her eighteenth birthday was two weeks ago. She is being presented this year by Lady Redesdale, who has already given her daughter's coming-out dance at the family London house in Rutland Gate, which for some years has been let to the Warren Pearls. Of her five sisters, the eldest, Nancy, married the Hon. Peter Rodd, and under her maiden name has written one or two witty novels (*Highland Fling* was one of them); the second married Derek Jackson; the third married and divorced the Hon. Bryan Guinness, Lord Moyne's elder son; the fourth, the Hon. Unity Mitford, lost her voice recently cheering Hitler's entry into Vienna; and the fifth made a runaway marriage last year with Esmond Romilly. The six sisters have one brother, who is a barrister

Three Christenings

At St. Peter's, Eaton Square: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg's Son

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg's baby son was christened at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and afterwards photographed with his elder brother Timothy and his parents. Mrs. Wagg was Katherine Horlick before her marriage to the well-known rackets player who won the doubles championship with Ian Akers-Douglas

In the Country: Anne Denise Tichborne

Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne's first-born was christened at St. Margaret's, Tichborne, by the Bishop of Portsmouth, who gave her the names of Anne Denise. Prince Vsevolode of Russia, Lady Eldon, Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Baring, and Mr. F. More O'Ferrall were the godparents

At the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks: Simon Jasper Drury-Lowe

Simon Jasper Drury-Lowe is the son of Captain and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, who were married in 1936. His mother was Penelope Packe, daughter of Sir Edward Packe (right) and granddaughter of Lord Colebrooke (behind). The small boy is Captain Drury-Lowe's son by his first marriage

Portrait of Katharine Hepburn

Radio's Miss Hepburn has burst successfully into the film fashion of the moment — crazy comedy. *Bringing Up Baby* at the Gaumont teams her with Cary Grant in a socialite satire that still gives her chances to take up, now and then, the odd postures of her former, intenser style. Last example of that was *Stage Door*, which was generally released three weeks ago. Next example of the new style will be *Vacation Bound* (tentative title), also with Cary Grant, but made under Columbia's ægis. Gitano did this cut-out and stick-on portrait of the star with Scottish forebears who was born in Connecticut and looks like a Burne-Jones model

Agriculture also owes a debt to DUNLOP. The toil of tillage has been lightened almost beyond belief by DUNLOP Land Tyres and the pneumatic equipment of Tractors of every description—Leaving even the time factor out of account, the economy in horse-power and man-power is directly derived from John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre.

1938
DUNLOP

C.F.H.

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 66.

Marquess of Willingdon

I CANNOT think of any living Marquess who started life as a commoner except Lord Willingdon, who began as Freeman Freeman-Thomas and proceeded by way of the Barony and Viscountcy of Ratton to the Earldom and Marquessate of Willingdon. In the meantime, he had become a G.C.I.E., a G.C.S.I., a G.C.M.G., a Privy Councillor and, of course, a G.B.E.

Lord Willingdon has an extraordinary, unconscious gift for popularity, which first showed itself at Eton when he became President of Pop and which has continued ever since. At school he was in the eleven for three years, ending up as captain. He then went on to Cambridge, where he played in the Varsity side for four years (thus playing at Lord's for seven consecutive years). He also played for Sussex.

His first taste of his future career overseas occurred when he became A.D.C. to his father-in-law, the first Lord Brassey, the Governor of Victoria in 1895. (Whereby hangs a joke. Lord Willingdon once said cheerfully that he thought he had married a Brassey and she turned out to be a driver.)

The House of Commons next saw him, and he was a Member of Parliament, first for Hastings and then later for the Bodmin Division of Cornwall. He became a Liberal as a result of his grandfather, Mr. Speaker Brand, who became Lord Hampden on retirement.

In the meantime, he had become a Junior Lord of the Treasury and received a peerage. But it came as a complete surprise to him when he was offered the post of Governor of Bombay in 1913, a year before the war.

His elevation to the peerage had, of course, cramped his political hopes very considerably. As it turned out, it was probably the best thing that ever happened to him.

IN Bombay he made the acquaintance of Gandhi almost at once. Gandhi had returned from South Africa not long before, but in those days had not reduced his clothing to the irreducible minimum which he now affects. Unfortunately, Lord Willingdon refuses to be drawn on the subject of the little spectacled man in the loin-cloth.

During the Great War he had a ticklish time with bazaar rumours, one of which said that the Germans had invented a submarine which was likely to emerge in the market-place of Bombay! This drove all the money-lenders away, causing trade to come temporarily to a standstill.

From Bombay he went to Madras for another term of years, making eleven in all in India, before he was seconded to China for a special mission to allocate the millions of pounds to which the Boxer Indemnity had swollen.

Neither heat nor cold has ever worried Lord Willingdon. He went straight from the boiling climate of China in summer to become the Governor-General of Canada. Here, though he did not ski, he took up curling and went about on snow-shoes. It was a real change from India, for the Governor-General of Canada's duties are more social than pro-Consular. You might have thought at the end of a very successful term of office, with A.D.C.s marrying local heiresses right and left, that he would retire at the age of sixty-four. But not a bit of it. He was persuaded to become Viceroy of India at a later age than any of his predecessors.

HIS extraordinary fitness is proved by the fact that he has remained unwaveringly at 10 stone 7, that he was Master of Fox-hounds to the Ootacamund Pack in India while Governor of Madras, and that to-day, at the age of seventy-one, he has taken on so many jobs that he has literally no spare time. He is a director, for example, of the Westminster Bank and of the London and Lancashire Insurance Company; he is Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George and Chairman of the Rebuilding Committee of St. George's Hospital. £315,000 has already been raised and a still larger amount is required. As Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports he has to take an active interest in Dover, Hastings, Romney, Sandwich, Hythe, Rye, Winchelsea and eighteen smaller towns. He is closely connected with the Papworth Settlement; he is President of the Feathers Clubs, the English-Speaking Union and of the International Lawn Tennis Club; a Trustee of the Dockland Settlement and a Founder of the Army League, as well as being Chairman of the Area Committee for Physical Fitness in Kent.

Lord Willingdon has an admirable memory for faces and a deep sense of humour. He is always beautifully dressed, makes the most engaging impromptu speeches, is exceedingly conscientious and maintains an aristocratic taste for a glass of port and a biscuit at midday, with a pint of champagne at night.

In conclusion, he never suggests for an instant that he has been both Viceroy and Governor-General. He listens more readily than he talks. It is only by his appearance that you could guess that he is one of the greatest Englishmen of his age.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Well, cheer up. It 's your funeral as well as mine "

REGULAR as the recurring cuckoo, the annual Press photographs have appeared of the weary Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy sitting round in a semi-circle at their exhausting labours. This year the compassion on the faces of the jolly men who in aprons hold up the stuff for appraisal, hour after hour, was more evident than usual. Theirs is the thick end, after all. When they knock off for the day, they can down a couple of pints at the local and put back a good supper and sleep like kittens, whereas many conscience-stricken Academicians must toss feverishly in their beds all night, crying " No ! No ! " and " Oh, God ! " Because the boys take their job very seriously, trying to ignore the fact that, whatever they do, it 's the same in the end.

On the other hand, a painter of some eminence has been assuring us, there 's a movement among some of the more restless members of the Committee to have their chairs turned the other way, with a small table in front of each of them, not merely one small table before the President, as now. On the tables would be food, drink, newspapers and illustrateds, crosswords and jigsaw puzzles and, for those who so desired, a laughing little actress glancing sidelong with hands clasped roguishly round her knees. The procession of canvases would continue as now, but behind them, and when the hanging-space for the year was full, somebody on the look-out (and paid for it) would shout " Hold it ! ", and the judging would be over.

Supporters of this reform point out that Sir Joshua Reynolds's original regulations for the Academy allow for this. Rule LXV. runs: " *Should the yearly Task of the Selection Committee prove (as will indubitably be the Case ere long) not only gigantick but melancholick, owing to the Pictures being numerous and Lousy, the Boys may be permitted to Enjoy any Relief which Ingenuity may devise and Respectability sanction.*" Go to it, fellers!

Pioneer

THE night-club and bottle-party underworld is interested, we hear, in the case of the citizen who took a girl to a late West End joint (" One of the worst in London," said the police unkindly), paid three shillings admission, danced an hour or so, spent nothing and was boffed on the noggin by the indignant proprietor and the " receptionist " (good word !) as he left ; for which the proprietor got two months and the " receptionist " four. General opinion is that this is a bit much, and that the citizen seemed to think the place was a rescue-home. We don't know if anybody has ever acted with equal aplomb in one of the chic bottle-party places, and we 'd like to see it tried. We don't imagine they 'd hit a chap in a white tie who took a girl there, paid his pound admission, refused point-blank to order even a single ten-bob haddock or a single thirty-bob bottle of Scotch, and then thought he could dance the rosy dawn in and get away with it. They 'd probably freeze him out by swifter and more subtle means. Waiters would begin to prowl like panthers round him as he danced, purring softly. The floor-manager would be at his elbow five minutes later, eyebrows raised. Five minutes after that he 'd be talking to the commissionaire in the vestibule, and in another five he 'd be out in the alley, rather dazed (we think), without the exchange of a single cross word, push, jab, or blow, and totally unable to explain how it had all come about.

We examined the newspaper accounts of that police-court case, incidentally, with great suspicion. It read exactly like a gag from a British comedy-film, or, rather, from 1579 comedy-films. But when we got to the end of it and found the principal comedian hadn't been debagged, we knew it couldn't have been part of a British comedy-film, if we make ourselves clear ?

" He won't wear them in this hot weather "

Cad's Corner

FOOTBALLERS must be crazy. They 've sent a deputation to Sir John Simon at the Treasury asking him to excuse professional footballers' benefits from income-tax, on the ground that professional cricketers' benefits are already so excused. They must be nuts. They 're ripe for the looney-bin. Their demand is like asking the Government to

grant them the social and theological status of bishops. They don't seem to realise that cricket is the established religion of this country and that we owe everything we are to its principles, inculcated in the decently-born British young at a tender age, and remaining their guiding star throughout life. It 'll serve footballers right if Convocation gets after them, the poor dreamy louts. We notice they hadn't the nerve to suggest to the Treasury that by introducing football for a change into the far-flung corners of Empire our pioneer chaps could uplift the native. Some remnant of decency restrained them, no doubt.

Wireless messages referring to this astonishing demand have doubtless passed already between the Hierarchy and the liner Orontes, which is steadily forging towards these shores with its sacred Australian cargo, headed by Bishop Bradman. We can only guess at their tenor. "IMPLORE YOU OVERLOOK HYSTERICAL AND IRRELIGIOUS ATTACK ON PRINCIPLES OF CRICKET STOP ENGLAND SHOCKED TO MARROW STOP," was probably one. And "AGREE RELUCTANTLY OVERLOOK ATTACK SUBJECT FORMAL EX-COMMUNICATION BY ARCHBISHOP FRY STOP," was probably another.

Going Down

AND apropos Australia, we 're so used to thinking of it as a vast country swarming with tall, husky, sunburned, lean-jawed, vital chaps in Boy Scout hats drinking black tea with meat all day long—which is very bad for their tempers, as Kipling observed—and embroiled with cricket, sheep, surf-bathing and kangaroos, that it is quite a shock to find *Our Australia*, the organ of the Australian Natives' Association, declaring that "Australians are well on the way to becoming a nation of childless, listful (? lustful. Surely a cabling error ?) old men in their dotage, vainly trying to defend an empty land. We shall perish as a nation if we do not populate." From which you perceive that it 's the same old problem which is alarming an Oxford economist, who says that in four generations, as things are going, the population of Great Britain will be down to four million. Nobody listens to him, naturally, because everybody nowadays thinks children are a nuisance, and how could we possibly afford that car ? Not to speak of darling Binkums, who doesn't like babies, anyway, like the people who build all these big new blocks of flats.

But we didn't think the white birth-rate was swooping down in Australia as well, though we' ve heard some strange old tales of the younger generation in New Zealand. So prepare yourselves before long, sweethearts, for a humiliating Empire-wide campaign of bribery and tearful Governmental pleadings with the populace to breed. It 'll inevitably either come to that, or else to giving the bow-wows we love a bigger share in home and Imperial affairs. We can see a British Cabinet meeting five hundred years hence, as things are going, composed of four Airedales, three Aberdeens, two Pekes, a Pom, and two very old, toothless men, representing the 10,000 remaining population. We 'll bet their resolutions won't be much better than the kind we get from the Cabinet nowadays, whatever doggie-worshippers may say.

Racket

THE booksy clubs keep increasing—the latest of interest is the Liberal Book Club, which will issue books on subjects " expected to interest Liberals," heh, heh—and before long the entire booksy racket will be a mass of jolly little clubs. We 're told the Vegetarian Book Club is soon due. Vegetarians don't like books with meat in them, or any hint of blood, except beetroot-blood, they don't like characters who gnaw their lips or devour women with their eyes, and they don't like characters addicted to cannibalism. Mrs. Rumble's *Nebuchadnezzar to Shaw*, a review of twenty centuries of vegetarian effort, will be their first issue, followed by Opal Gulch's sensational Middle West novel *Mock Stakes*, about a beautiful vegetarian girl who lives in the Eugene O'Neill murder-and-incest belt and wins through to sweep meat-eating New York off its feet, Mayor La Guardia himself blowing up the public abattoirs amid scenes of intense emotion. She then marries a knobbly teetotal thinker and has two highly uninteresting offspring, also pimply. The effect of Miss Gulch's opus on normal readers will be to make them rush away instantly and swallow a couple of enormous juicy Chateaubriands, with lashings of rich, red gravy and a bottle or two of Clos Vougeot ; for which reason the Vegetarian Book Club will probably be backed by a lot of Smithfield money. The racket is like that.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Although I am now approaching middle age, Miss Bryce, to my mother I am still 'the little boy with the jammy face!"

Perambulator Parade

Spring Phenomenon in Hyde Park

Mrs. Gray Horton and Mrs. Brocas Burrows are sisters: Jennifer in the pram belongs to Mrs. Burrows'

The Hon. Mrs. Jocelyn Dennison-Pender camped for the morning with her two sons, John and Robin

Mrs. Ken Holway and Lord Howland walked for walking's sake

Lady Alexandra Cadogan was another non-pram-pusher

Lady Pamela Berry had Adrian Michael Berry in that nice new pram

Jenever Lawson Johnston warily bicycled along with her parents' dog on a "leading rein"

Mrs. John Courage and Mrs. Archie Black pulled their prams along behind them

The Park's not entirely full of mothers and children; there are also attractive girls like Susan Hambro and Susan Bligh

Mrs. Maurice Henderson, Mrs. Vivian Blundell and Caroline had their faces towards home

Mrs. John Hughes was getting Jane's box-camera ready for her

Virginia Murray bought tickets for herself and her mother, Mrs. Iain Murray

Films of the Day

Two British Triumphs

By George Campbell

SALUTE to Robert Taylor, Michael Balcon, Jack Conway, old Uncle Ben Goetz and all. *A Yank at Oxford* is brilliant. If you are foolish enough to expect a saga about Jowett and the Balliol tradition, you'll be disappointed, and deserve to be. If you are neither a pedant nor a prig, but just a fan out for fun, then this is your picture. I haven't enjoyed anything more for years. It proves, again what Korda and Balcon have proved before, that pictures as good as any in the world can be made in this country, sometimes. *A Yank at Oxford* was meant to show what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could do with an Anglo-American organisation, a nucleus of Hollywood stars, and about £200,000. It has all worked out perfectly and I see nothing to stop a whole cycle of Transatlantic varsity films—*A Yank at Cambridge, A Briton at Yale,* and so on, until the quickie makers use up the remnants with *An Old Carthusian at Sing-Sing.*

THERE was a time when I didn't care much for Robert Taylor. I can see now that I was wrong—that what twenty million flappers adored was not the classic profile, but the budding talent that these tired old eyes missed. He was good in *Camille,* considering the difficulty of an American playing a Frenchman at all convincingly; he was better in *His Affaire,* the stirring gangster drama that unaccountably missed fire with the public; and in *A Yank at Oxford* he is first-class.

His feat is all the more interesting because, for the first time, he has been given a role which is almost entirely comic. He plays an American athlete, champion of his university, given to that high-spirited boasting which maddens Englishmen who don't happen to be aware that it is not intended to be taken seriously. It is, in the Jonsonian sense, a "humour": the boaster, as like as not, is much more modest at heart than the Englishman who complacently takes his superiority for granted. That is why you often find an American talking wildly of what he hopes to do, and then, when he really does it, dismissing it as nothing: a case, I suppose, of an inferiority complex cured by a sudden dose of success.

HERE, then, is an American, in the best Mark Twain tradition, dumped down in Oxford, to sink or swim. He nearly sinks—or, to be more precise, walks out—on the day of his arrival. Nothing could be more charming than the scene where his scout, played beautifully by Edward Rigby, talks him into staying on. An effort has been made all through to hold the balance impartially; as the film is equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic, it has evidently succeeded. My own sympathies were mainly with the American, partly because of his fundamental likeableness contrasted with a suggestion of smug mediocrity in some of his undergraduate rivals; and partly because the spectacle of fifty men manhandling one for de-bagging or any other purpose, can never be anything but cruel and ugly.

NOTHING is more impressive than the skill with which the story has been kept moving and built up with scene after scene of fast action and exciting spectacle. You see two or three foot-races, two bump races, the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, and a couple of processions, not to mention such trifles as Taylor on a cycle careering wildly down the High on the wrong side of the road, Taylor cutting horrid amateurish capers on the ice, even as you and I, and Taylor heavily booting a gown in the rear centre, to find that it belongs to the Dean of his College.

There is a delightful scene, too, in the Dean's rooms when the American, come to apologise, stoops to pick up something, and the Dean catches himself with foot drawn back, just about to plant his toe where it will do the most good. "Mr. Sheridan," he observes, "you may not be evil yourself, but I begin to perceive that you are what theologians call an occasion of evil in others." Which is a pretty fair specimen of donnish humour, I think.

THE supporting players have never been seen to better advantage. Lionel Barrymore's doting father is just another performance of the kind he has accustomed us to, but effective all the same; and Morton Selten, Edmund Gwenn, Vivien Leigh (delightful as a bookseller's amorous wife), Maureen O'Sullivan, Griffith Jones, Edward Rigby and C. V. France stand out memorably. The script and dialogue are good throughout, and in places brilliant, and Jack Conway has directed superbly.

ANOTHER notable British production would share my space equally with *A Yank at Oxford* were it not that it came along just as this page was going to press. This is Alexander Korda's *The Drum.* Mr. Korda has had his failures as well as his successes—so has everybody else in the film business, and the stage business, for that matter; but nobody else has maintained such a consistently high standard or done so much to put British pictures on the map.

The Drum is a yarn of the North-West Frontier by a master of this genre, A. E. W. Mason. It tells an exciting story against picturesque mountain backgrounds (some shot in India, others matched to perfection in Wales); and judging by the huge success of *Elephant Boy* this should be another box-office winner. The star is the little Indian, Sabu, this time a Prince on a pure-bred Arab stallion; and Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson, and Roger Livesey support him. Zoltan Korda, who made *Sanders of the River* and *Elephant Boy* (with Robert Flaherty) directed.

The Government: *a new British Residency has been established in Tokot and it's a dangerous spot despite those Scottish and Sikh troops*

The Opposition: *Prince Ghul (Raymond Massey) discusses tactics with some of his Back-Benchers (Michael Martin-Harvey, Taftazari, Franklyn Kelsey). Great care was taken to obtain authenticity throughout, especially in army sequences; Brig. Hector Campbell and the late Lieut.-Col. Henslowe were the technical advisers*

Discipline for a Drummer: *Desmond Tester and Edward Lexy*

"The Drum"

A British Film of the British Empire

The Drum, which had a glorious premiere at the Odeon last week, is a triumph for Denham, the British Empire and Hungary. Alexander Korda gave his brother Zoltan the directorship of this film from A. E. W. Mason's story of the North-West Frontier. Units penetrated into almost unknown Chitral and into North Wales to make the impressive scenes of frontier-country. Indian and Scottish regiments, technically impeccable, took part. And the story of a political officer and his wife visiting dangerous country with a small escort of Gordon Highlanders is a good one. Valerie Hobson (whose twenty-first birthday is to-morrow) plays the only feminine role, Roger Livesey is her husband, Sabu, rapidly graduating from elephant-boy to film-star, is a friendly young Prince, Raymond Massey is an inimical old one. Another Korda brother, Vincent, designed the colour sets, and the technicolour camera work was supervised by Georges Perinal

A Frontier Prince: *Sabu is pleased with his part and pleased with his horse*

Apprehension: *Sabu, Valerie Hobson, Roger Livesey*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Painted Smile" (New)

FOR some reason or other, circus plays are not good, but bad. What this reason is, heaven (which excludes dramatic critics) only knows. But the fact remains, and the latest example at the New Theatre is no exception to the rule. The title itself is ominous. *The Painted Smile.* We seem to have been told before, and even then superfluously, that the hilarity of the clown should not always be taken at face value. And when, in Mr. Templeton's play, one of the clowns reveals himself as a student of Schopenhauer, the heart sinks. Stage Clowns Must Not Read Schopenhauer. I 'm not arguing—I am telling you. But if you want a reason, it is just this: that reading Schopenhauer makes them rather cheap.

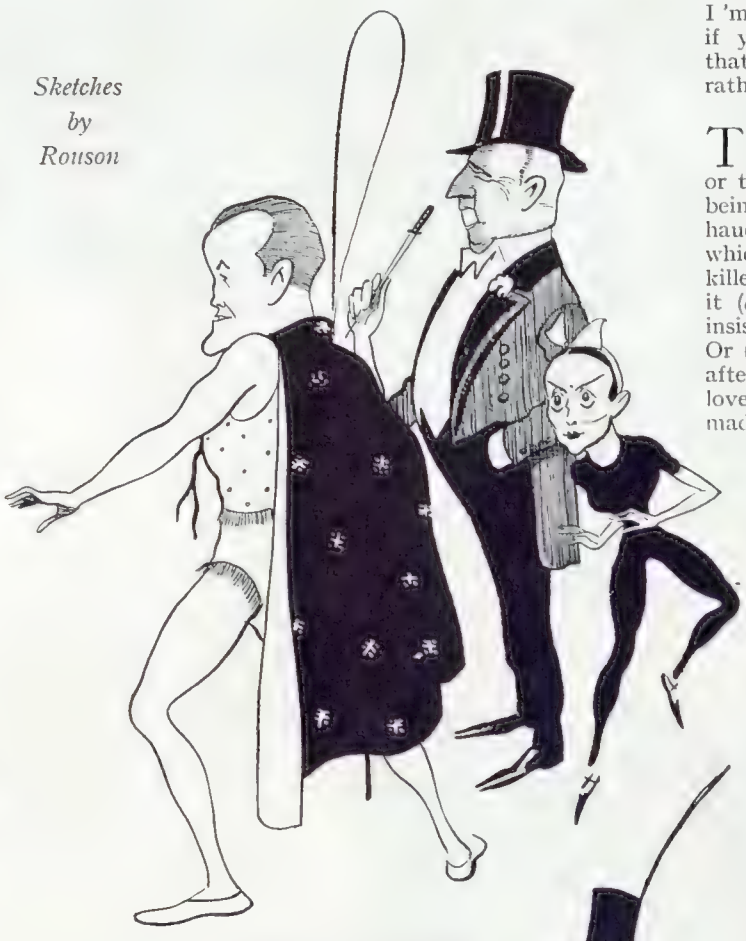
THE trouble with most circus plays is that they are either too symbolical or too sentimental. This one is neither, being, in spite of the title and the Schopenhauer, just a rather dull murder play in which the problem to be solved is: Who killed the American trapeze artist? Was it (*a*) his fair aerial partner, whom he insisted on pestering with attentions? Or (*b*) her jealous fiancé, limping around after an acrobatic accident? Or (*c*) the lovely young lady on roller-skates who made a conquest even of reporters, and who, in the days before she dyed her hair, had been one of the victims of the American trapeze artist's bigamous proclivities? Or (*d*) the village doctor, who fell in love with the lovely young lady on roller-skates and so upset all the spinsters of the local Institute?

THE problem is not very ingenious or very baffling. Motley and spangles may have been counted on to compensate for this. But though Mr. Hedley Briggs has made a very good job of the décor, it is not enough. As we watch the clowns, the trapeze artists, the roller-skaters going off to give their turns and returning a few minutes later, hot from the ring—as we listen politely to the snatches from Schopenhauer—as we ask ourselves rather apathetically why the village doctor always wears gloves—we fall to wishing that we were seeing the circus itself. How jolly it must be in the wings, where all the fun takes place! Perhaps that is why circus plays are unsatisfactory. They challenge comparison with the circus itself. Not that we go to the circus when we get the chance. But to the complexities and perversities of human nature there are no limits.

CLEVER actors at the New do their best for us. Mr. John Abbott, with a foreign accent, presents Second Clown. Mr. Torin Thatcher, with a swagger, presents the corpse-to-be. Mr. Reginald Beckwith, with a limp, presents jealousy in mufti. Mr. Aubrey Dexter, with a moustache, presents ringmasterly vulgarity. Then there are Mr. Walter Hudd and Miss Alexis France pretending to be journalists and Miss Nan Munro as a pillar of Village Institute Morality. All these are excellent. While Miss Greta Gynt looks so lovely on her roller-skates that we wish she would dance, which we know she can. If her acting leaves something to be desired, it is mainly that.

Sketches by Rouson

The Press: Walter Hudd



The Ring: Torin Thatcher, Aubrey Dexter, Ena Moon

Sleuth with painted smile: John Abbott

Suspect on thin ice: Greta Gynt

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Norman Parkinson

Portrait of an Optimist

You have to smile at Miss Straight, she takes such a comical ungrudging pleasure in being alive. That 's because she, like other sensible babies and a few very old people (they often look alike), knows how to concentrate on very small, intense and homely pleasures, like being warm and comfortable and nicely fed, seeing familiar bright objects, and lets the rest of the idiotic world concern her not at all. This chuckling wiseacre of nearly six months is Camilla, daughter of Whitney Straight and Lady Camilla Straight

Ballet Rehearsals at Monte Carlo

Massine rehearses with Frederic Franklin and Nina Tarakonova, who have leading parts in his new ballet, "Gaité Parisienne"

Alicia Markova talks to René Blum in her dressing-room. She is wearing her dress for "L'Epreuve d'Amour"

Irene Fabergé, Natalia Krasovska and Lubov Roudenko with Director Blum

Les Ballets de Monte Carlo (the Massine-Blum company) began their season at Monte Carlo last Sunday week, after some two months' work of rehearsals and classes. The opening repertoire included Massine's new ballet to Offenbach's music, *Gaité Parisienne*, in which he has the leading part and a dance something like the famous "Union Pacific" cake-walk. Two other new Massine ballets are promised during this Monte Carlo season—*Noble Vision* (Hindemith) and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, in which Alicia Markova and Nana Gollner are the chief dancers. Markova, in *L'Epreuve d'Amour*, has a new rôle which should suit her marvellously; she succeeds to the part created by Nemchinova two years ago. Of the other dancers on this page, little Irene Fabergé is the twelve-year-old girl from Paris who has already been marked down as a probable future star; Lubov Roudenko, who is sixteen, is another young dancer of exceptional promise who makes her début with this company

Left: Mme. Julie Sedova, maîtresse de ballet, takes a morning class

Anthony

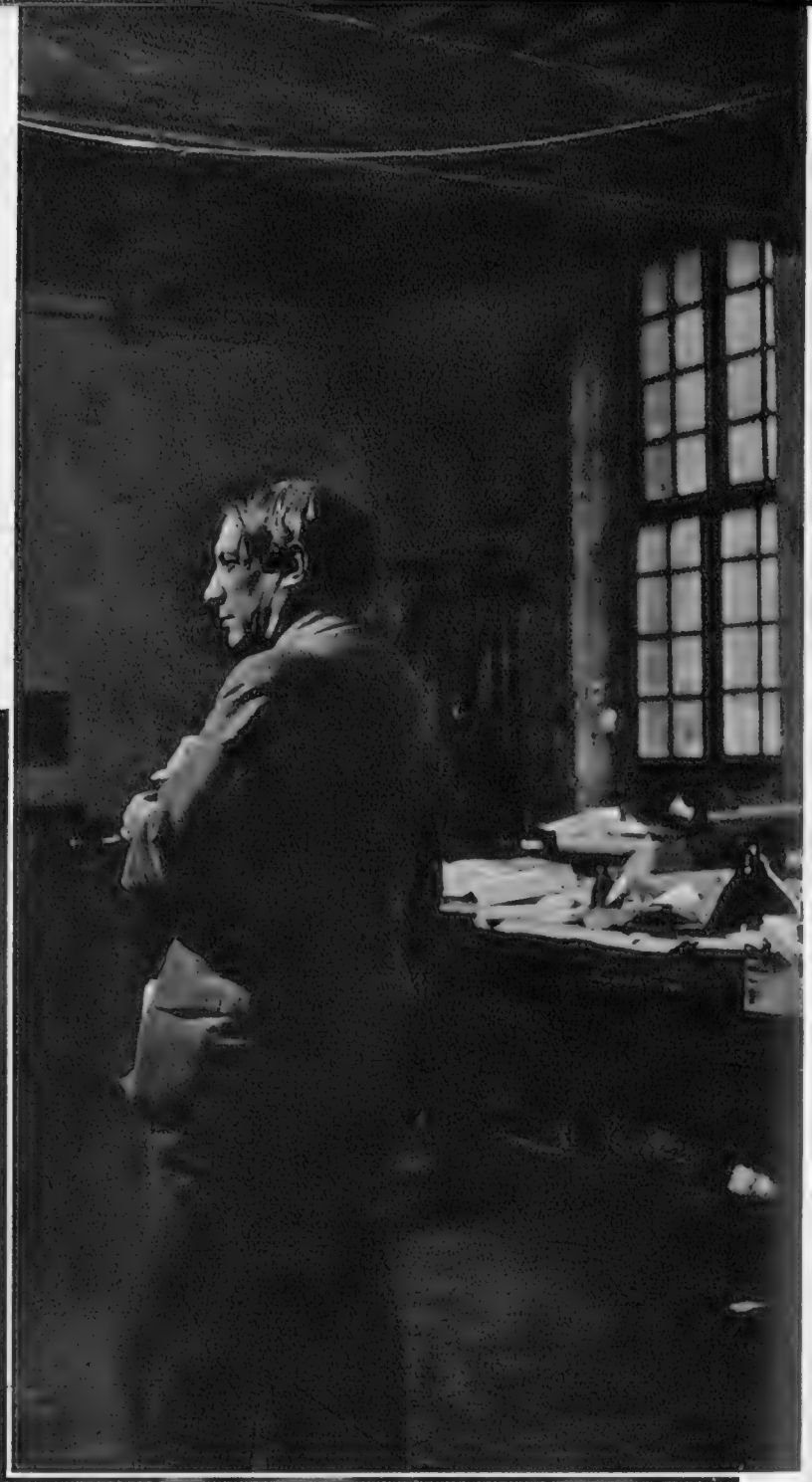
The Hon. Grania Guinness

Grania Guinness, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Moyne, is eighteen this year. She was photographed in an old and lovely fancy dress that belongs to her mother. She is one of the increasing circle of young socialites passionately interested in ballet, but with her it is not a new craze; she has learnt dancing since she was a child, now goes to classes at Sadler's Wells, and has also tried her hand at arranging dances. She has been in the South of France this spring, seeing the Massine company rehearse at Monte Carlo. Lady Moyne is a member of the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund Committee, who, with the Lilian Baylis Memorial Committee, are organising a big ballet gala at Sadler's Wells in May, to which the Queen has promised to go. Lord Moyne came back recently from an expedition on his yacht Rosaura to South America, to collect specimens for the London Zoo, of which he is a vice-president. He was chairman of the Committee which reported last year on the British film industry's sad state

Pablo Picasso

The Great Spanish Painter in His Paris Studio

Picasso has for studio the main room of an early seventeenth-century house near the Pont Neuf, built by the then Duke of Savoy. He lives in a small hotel near by—very simply, although now he is a rich man. He was born in Malaga in 1881, the son of a drawing-master called Ruiz (Picasso is his mother's name), spent his youth in Barcelona, then settled in Paris. The story of his life as an artist has already a vast number of chapters, from Cézanne through his most abstract Cubist days to "Guernica," the huge picture shown in the Spanish Pavilion of the Paris Exposition last year. Each of his experimental periods has left behind it a whole school of painting, while Picasso has always been driven forward by the "rich and erratic variety of his genius." An extraordinary, almost terrifying, passion and power make themselves felt in his work even when he is expressing or solving his most intellectual and difficult problems; in his face, in his eyes especially, that same fierce strength is apparent



Picasso's Studio, Archetype of Paris Studios, Is in the Rue des Grands Augustins

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Peter Rose-Pulham

"Plan for a Hostess" at the St. Martin's

Yvonne Arnaud as Mrs. Germaine Cave: "I don't want to be a mother who schemes. I'd rather be a hostess who plans"

"Who shot that?" The art-connoisseur, is wounded decoration (Yvonne Arnaud

Identification of Former Lover: under my left knee-cap?" asks Ronald little things women remember,"

The title of this play, as of Mr. Coward's *Design for Living*, is no more a bona-fide plan than that was a bona-fide design. It is a slight frame, built of the flimsiest planks in the modern moral platform, on which to fit the pleasant foolery of Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Mr. Ronald Squire. The *Times*, as often, got in first with the right word in calling it a frivol. The French wife who tries to blackmail her art-connoisseur husband into backing their daughter's entry into society gives the principals their parts. The young puppy who was the aim of the maternal campaign is excellently played by William Home; the daughter who ends by engaging him on her own merits is played by Jacqueline Squire, who is Ronald Squire's daughter in real life and has also become engaged to William Home in real life. Adrianne Allen gives a performance of high finish as the would-be co-respondent in the blackmail plan of the hostess. Thomas Browne wrote the play, which was reviewed by Herbert Farjeon in the "Bystander" of March 23rd

husband's taste, as man and by his wife's paradisiacal and Ronald Squire)

***"Darling!"** Mrs. Griselda Taunton addresses this word to Mr. Cave in his family circle, produces a nasty silence and a train of events (Adrianne Allen, right)*

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

***Right:** "When I take you out, would you mind awfully letting me call the waiter?" Jacqueline Squire thought William Douglas Home was going to ask quite another question*

***Below:** the compromising hotel bill, carefully procured, goes up in smoke (Ronald Squire, Yvonne Arnaud, Adrianne Allen)*

"Why do you think I have a scar Squire." "Well, it's one of those answers insistent Adrianne Allen

Four Engagements

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Marjorie Duncan

Marjorie Ray Duncan is the eldest daughter of the late Walter Duncan and Mrs. Duncan, of 53, Cadogan Square. Her engagement has been announced to the Hon. John Grimston, the second son of the Earl of Verulam and the late Countess of Verulam. Her fiancé is a Flying Officer in the R.A.F. Reserve

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Elizabeth Harvey

Elizabeth Hardy is the daughter of Major Sir Samuel and Lady Harvey, of Dundridge, Totnes, South Devon. She is engaged to Mr. F. J. Yates, of the Wood, Codsall Wood, near Wolverhampton. He was in the 17/21st Lancers

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Diana Mainwaring

Diana Mainwaring is engaged to Roger Harvey, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Harvey, of Beedingwood, Horsham, Sussex. She is the elder of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring and Lady Mainwaring's daughters. Mr. Harvey is in the Scots Guards

Yevonde

Lady Alma Trench

Lady Alma Le Poer Trench, daughter of the late Earl of Clancarty and Mary Countess of Clancarty, is engaged to Stewart Croft Jolly, son of the late Henry Stewart Jolly and Mrs. Jolly, of 7, Harrington Court, S.W.1. Mary Lady Clancarty is giving a dance for her at 6, Stanhope Gate, on June 1st

Decoration by Janet Kaines.

LIGHT AND SHADE AND . .

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 134

The Torchbearer

By Martin Armstrong

Illustration by Reinganum

ELSA WINGATE was sitting in the bow-window of their pleasant drawing-room, overlooking Hampstead Heath. She was reading. Her book—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—lay open on the arm of her chair and she held a pencil in her hand with which she occasionally marked the page. Sometimes her eyes left the book and gazed out abstractedly over the Heath and her lips moved as if she were trying over a phrase; and all the time, like the quiet fluctuation of sunlight and shadow on an April day, subtle variations of expression played over her beautifully-modelled, sensitive face. At the other end of the room her husband, Geraint, stood with his back to her, carefully arranging some ornaments on the top of a Queen Anne chest. Both of them were immersed in their own affairs, totally oblivious of one another. Geraint was trying to discover the appropriate position for a Dresden shepherdess which he had just bought: Elsa was rehearsing for a public reading. For the last eighteen months she had been giving talks and readings to the unemployed and their families in various parts of London, and they had proved so successful that now they occupied a great deal of her time during every day except Saturdays and Sundays. Her work was a great happiness to her. By her own efforts, without any training, she had succeeded in becoming an admirable reader; the halls or club-rooms where she gave her readings were always packed; it was evident that she brought a great deal of enjoyment to people who, more than any others, needed it.

A sound from the other end of the drawing-room roused her. She closed the book and turned her head. Geraint was standing, now, with his back to the fire, his hands grasping the lapels of his coat. He was not looking at her: he was gazing with slightly knitted brows at the ornaments on the chest. He was trying, Elsa knew, to decide if he had found the absolutely correct spot—correct not only in itself but in relation to the other ornaments—for the new shepherdess. Fresh from the world of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, she observed him with even more detachment than usual. How thin and fragile he was. It was as if his absorbing passion for rare and beautiful objects had gradually fined him down to a kind of strange, exotic spider. She noticed the whiteness of his hands, the slimness of his fingers, against the dove-grey of his faultless suit; the beautiful lilac silk tie, held in a Chinese ring of carved ivory; his calm, delicate-featured, epicene face; his long, carefully-brushed hair, already streaked with grey, although he was only a little over forty. He was as much a work of art as any of the exquisite things which, after a cold fever of excitement and indecision, he always ended in buying. How strange, how incredible, that she should be married to such a man. And yet it had been precisely his love of beautiful objects and his cult of perfection—all that now seemed to her so cold, so inessential—which had first attracted her. She had always loved music and literature, but of such things as furniture, sculpture, china, pottery, she had known little or nothing, and when at the age of twenty-two she had met Geraint and he had invited her to his flat and shown her his treasures, she had felt that a marvellous new world had been opened to her. His taste, his learning in such matters, his smooth, quiet charm had swept her off her feet, and a year later she had consented joyfully to be added to his collection.

And she still loved beautiful things. What she no longer accepted, what she had for some years been in violent revolt against, was that they should be regarded as the aim and end of life. Such a life, she had soon discovered, was cold, empty, inhuman, and as she watched Geraint now, slim, bland and slightly bent, puzzling over his tremendous trifle, she felt a sudden little thrill of hatred and disgust.

At that moment he turned his head and met her eyes. "Ah," he said, "you 've finished. Now just come here, Elsa, and tell me if I 've got this right."

She rose from her chair and she could feel her face take on the acquiescent, interested smile which she had for years been able to assume whenever it was required. She crossed the room, stood beside him and considered in silence the position of the china shepherdess with her crisp, curly lamb.

"Yes, Gerry," she said; "yes, I think you 've got it exactly."

"I rather wondered," he said, "if just an inch or two to the left——?"

"No," she said. "No. You would lose the reflection in the mirror, and that 's so important, isn't it?"

He nodded. "You 're perfectly right." He put his head slightly on one side. "Extraordinary, isn't it," he said, "how well she goes with the little Belleek basket? I felt sure she would, the moment I saw her. She was certainly a bargain at eight pounds: it would have been sheer madness to let the opportunity slip."

Honest creature! He always told her, a little shamefacedly, how much he spent on his self-indulgences. He knew she didn't quite approve and for that reason he scrupulously avoided all concealment. He sighed with a sense of doubts laid to rest, conscience appeased, desire fulfilled, and then, his hands before him, his long fingers working in his palms as if he were savouring in imagination some delectable surface, he moved to the door like a large, frail, grey frog.

Elsa remained standing where he had left her. She glanced again at the china shepherdess. Yes, a charming thing, but why squander eight pounds on it when there were thousands of families in England, in London, within a hundred yards of their very house, no doubt, to whom eight pounds would mean a week, a fortnight, of luxury? But she had long ceased to say such things to Geraint. He would simply reply, she knew, by speaking of his hobby as if it were a religion, by pointing out that if, in these degenerate days, an elect few did not carry on the torch . . . and so forth. It was all very plausible. The only flaw in the argument was that the torch, or at least Geraint's torch, had no flame in it, and it was the flame, not the torch, that mattered. But she couldn't tell him that, and even if she could, it would mean nothing to him; it would do no more than upset the atmosphere of friendliness, mutual consideration and scrupulous politeness which was all that their relationship consisted of, nowadays. All? And wasn't that, surely, a good deal? Besides, it wasn't quite all. For though her feelings for him had grown cold years ago, he still felt for her, she believed, exactly what he had always felt. *His* feelings had not grown cold, but that was because they had never been warm. He admired and loved her still, exactly as before, exactly as he admired and loved his other treasures. After his fashion he was absolutely faithful. That was why she had never been able to tell him about Maurice.

(*Concluded on page 84*)

Years of Flying Achievement

By Charles Ward

April Anniversaries

THE Royal Air Force and Imperial Airways celebrated their birthdays on the same date—April 1st—the former being twenty years of age and the latter fourteen. The R.A.F. was born during the most strenuous period of the European War, and at a time when the air arm was first making its power felt quite independent of the Army and the Navy. To-day it is the supreme striking force, and in that sense, the most important arm of defence. Born of the fusion between the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, it is strange that a separation has occurred during the past year which appears to create once more the system of divided control which the R.A.F. was intended to correct. Experience over a period of twenty years, however, has proved that the Navy should administer its own aircraft and flying personnel. The Air Ministry remains in technical control and aircraft production will not suffer, as it did from 1915 to 1917, by reason of the rivalry between the two services. Flying equipment for the Fleet Air Arm has many distinctive features not common to that used by the R.A.F., which has become primarily a bombing Service with long-range striking power. The decision to form a veteran reserve of those who flew in the 1914-18 struggle, brings home to those survivors no longer active pilots, that they are getting on in years. Quite a number of them could still fly the old, slow, easy-landing aircraft, but not the modern fighter or bomber, cruising at 300 miles an hour, with its office full of strange dials and levers for brakes and flaps and disappearing undercarriages. The veterans will find useful work on the ground, for their memory of flying under war conditions is not so dim that they could not teach something to the young men who have not sniffed the acrid smoke of an anti-aircraft shell-burst. It 's a grim prospect, which our air rearmament programme is intended to render less likely.

An Imperial Birthday

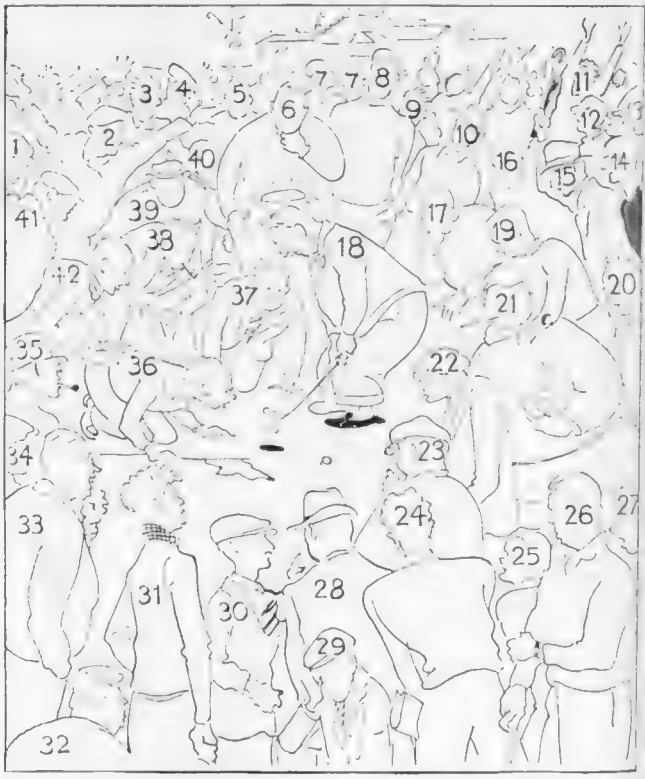
THE other side of the picture is a happier one. Imperial Airways may well be proud of its record during fourteen difficult years. In 1924 it was still equipped with aircraft not far removed from war types—'planes were noisy, draughty, uncomfortable and flying was expensive. Route mileage was 1700, limited to services from London to Paris, Cologne and Zurich, and from Southampton to Guernsey. To-day it operates over 27,000 miles, including the whole of the east and south in its span—Egypt, India, China, Australia, and Africa as far south as Durban. When the line London to Paris was started, a ticket cost £25 ; to-day the air fare is £7 10s. return. The flying-boats used on Empire mail routes are not only the most comfortable aircraft for travel but the standard set challenges comparison with that on any public service vehicle—motor-coach, train, or ship. Flying has become a necessity in fourteen years. The aeroplane has speed to sell, combined with personal service en route.

An Antidote to Bombing

THE theory that every air liner is a potential bomber has been created by those who believe war is inevitable. As opposed to this view, the more money that is spent on civil aviation, especially for purposes of travel and trade, the less likelihood there is of bombing by air. Travellers making personal contact with clients and business rivals alike, make friends. Commerce becomes a matter of give-and-take in equal proportions, so why destroy something or someone we need for our own comfort and contentment ? By building a powerful air marine, we are setting a standard which others will copy. It may take years to convince the rest of the world that we mean peace, but it is quite useless to develop the R.A.F. and at the same time to neglect the civil side of flying. If an effort is needed to establish parity with our strongest competitor in air armaments, then the greater effort must be made to excel everyone else in commercial air transport. The ideal set before the Government by the Cadman Committee must be made a reality. That extra £1,500,000 should be allocated this year to intensive development of new air liners and equipment, to the training of pilots and engineers, to the provision of airports. By all means let us set the pace in the air, but with our real objective, peaceful supremacy in transport, which the strength of the R.A.F. will guarantee.

Norman Parkinson

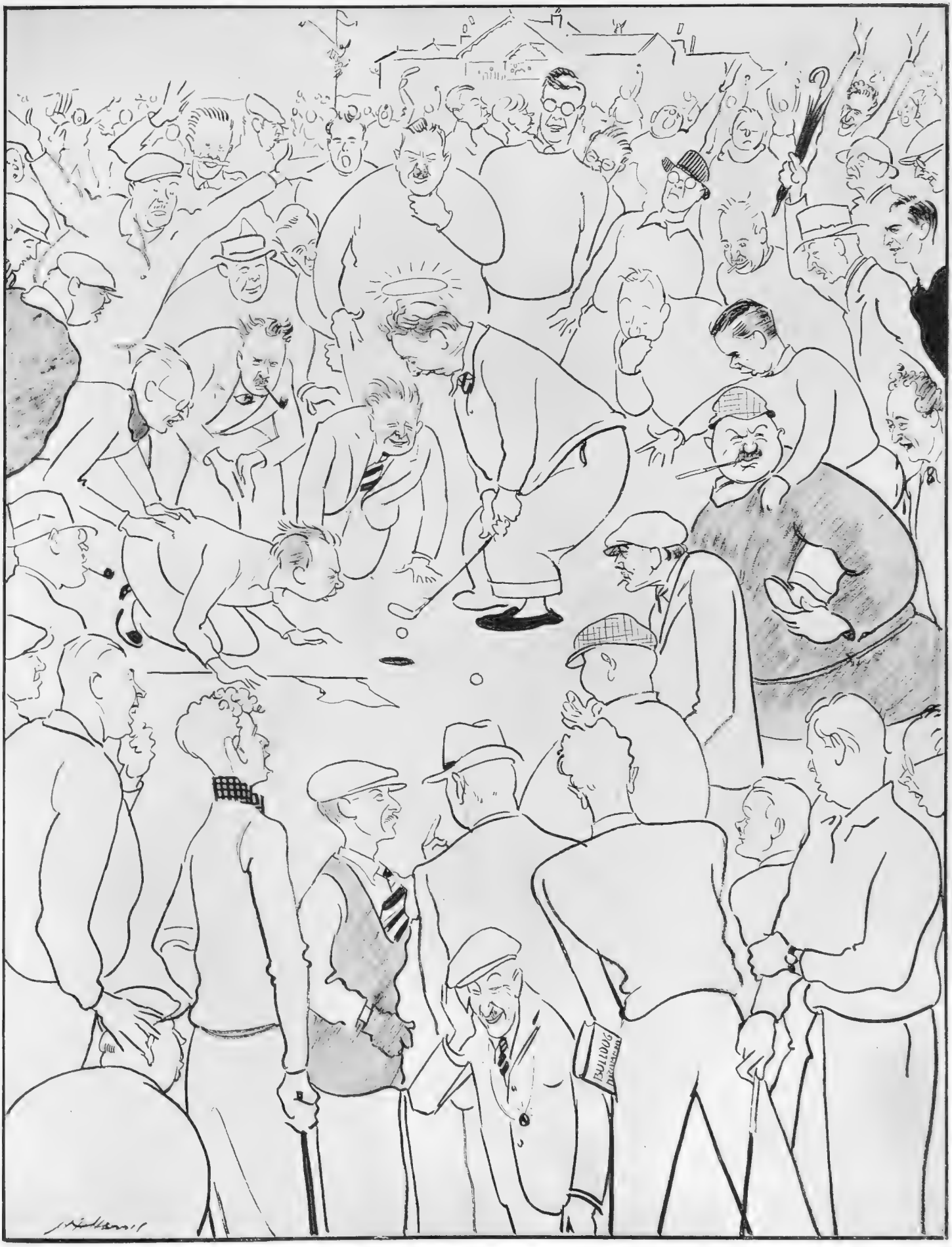
The stowaway's cabin in a British Airways' "Electra." This compartment, for'ard of the control cabin, is used to carry mail and goods up to a capacity of three hundredweight. The "Electra" is a twin-engined liner used on the company's services to Paris and Scandinavia



The Key to the Caricature Opposite

1. Francis Francis. 2. Captain E. M. Barrett. 3. Leonard Crawley. 4. Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon. 5. Michael Smith. 6. Major R. Vincent. 7. Hartley brothers. 8. "King Kong" Middleton. 9. Burdon Sanderson. 10. E. Noel Layton. 11. K. Konstam. 12. R. H. de Montmorency. 13. Bill Gibbs. 14. Roland Lee. 15. Major C. K. Hutchison. 16. C. D. Gray. 17. G. W. Allen. 18. Hal Hewitt. 19. Henry Longhurst. 20. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow. 21. John Morrison. 22. Bernard Darwin. 23. "Jumbo" Aitken. 24. Gerard Fairlie. 25. D. H. R. Martin. 26. Geoffrey Illingworth. 27. T. Nugent Head. 28. Bob Harris. 29. George St. Hewetson. 30. Hon. Douglas Scott. 31. Kenneth Scott. 32. H. R. Dottridge. 33. R. C. Petherbridge. 34. A. Macbeth. 35. "Jumbo" Leach Lewis. 36. Dale Bourn. 37. Ben Travers. 38. B. Overs. 39. K. Thorburn. 40. J. Boyce. 41. "Glaxo" Maugham

A Halford Hewitt Fantasia : by H. H. Harris



The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Victoria's Favourite

By Alan Thomas

MANY people will be eager to see behind the curtain that Mr. E. E. P. Tisdall has drawn aside in his life of *Queen Victoria's John Brown* (Stanley Paul; 10s. 6d.). For twenty-two years Brown was the Queen's devoted servant, first as one of the Balmoral gillies, then as her personal servant while she was in Scotland, and from 1864 till his death in 1883 as her constant personal attendant on all occasions. His position, particularly during this latter period, was unique. No other man in the world could have addressed the Queen of England or treated her as he did. Here is one example of his conduct: when a young footman had dropped a salver in the Queen's presence and she had ordered that he be reduced in rank. Brown, in front of several important officers of the Household, stepped forward indignantly: "What are ye daen' tae that puir laddie?" he broke in. "Hiv' ye never drappit onything yersel'?" And the youth was spared. No wonder Brown was regarded with mixed feelings in Court circles. "Bertie" hated him. Gladstone was cool to him. "Dizzy," with greater insight into the Queen's character, was ever deferentially friendly towards the great Court favourite. What was the secret of the Queen's regard for Brown? Mr. Tisdall is not dogmatic on the question: but he leaves the reader in little doubt that it was the "spiritual" link with the departed Albert that really bound her to her "truest, best and most faithful friend." What will set the reader guessing in Mr. Tisdall's most detailed and diverting book is the way he has managed to come by all his information. To judge from some of the episodes that he describes, it is difficult to believe that he wasn't on the spot. Indeed, in one or two of the scenes, he writes as though he had had access to Victoria's thoughts.

Lady Curtis-Bennett, by Charles Buchel

This painting by Charles Buchel is of the wife of Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, K.C.V.O., the eminent civil servant and sportsman. Her husband is a member of many councils, clubs and committees whose aim is the promotion of sport and fitness and he is closely associated with the national movement to this end. He and Lady Curtis-Bennett have a house in Sussex as well as a town residence in Chesterfield House, Mayfair

SO long as dictatorships and power politics are in the ascendant, the Secret Service market remains firm. The latest Beeding, entitled *The Black Arrows* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), is an ultra-topical affair. Caparelli (Beeding's name for the head of the Italian Government) is in need of help from Britain. Against a foreign enemy? Not a bit of it. But against his own extremists, the Black Arrows, who are a militant minority bent on out-Fascisting the Fascists, deposing Caparelli, and making war on England. And so John Cowper, of the British Secret Service, is sent out to Venice to help the Italian Government put its house in order. Is your imagination stretched? Of course it is. But not nearly so much as it will be when you come to follow Cowper's adventures in the city of the Doges. Talk about moving accidents by flood and field and hair-breadth 'scapes—the Moor wasn't in it with this intrepid spy. Needless to say, each time the reader gives him up for lost, Mr. Beeding, with unfailing ingenuity, manages to pull him through: and the end of it is that Black Arrow No. 1 is shot, not into the air but through the heart, and Cowper lands safely into the arms of his beloved. As a thriller, the book may be reckoned a Beeding success.

"IN an interregnum like our own when the creative spirit is suffering from pernicious anæmia, it is taking thought for the future to hold on to the past and to be nourished from its inexhaustible riches." This quotation, taken from Mr. H. J. Massingham's latest book, *Shepherd's Country* (Chapman and Hall; 15s.), is as good as many another which I might have chosen to illustrate its author's outlook. Here he is concerned with the Cotswolds, with their people and their crafts: and while this unique piece of England is a dying countryside, in bondage to Brum and the age it represents, yet it is Mr. Massingham's profound conviction (for reasons, however, which are not beyond dispute) that one day it will live again. And so against that time he has gathered the fragments of Cotswold's past that still remain, and with all the strength and tenderness of feeling which he can bring to the use of the English language, has packed them between the covers of this book. He has been about, as he says, "like a detective in a murder case," picking up all he could about the lives, occupations and conditions of the people. And the result, together with the photographs taken by Edgar Dale in collaboration with Mr. Massingham, is a work of permanent value not only to the future historian, but also to anyone who cares for the preservation of life in terms not of mechanical efficiency but of human values.

IN spite of a rather precious—I had almost written "pretentious"—style, more marked at the beginning than when the story has got under way, Sybil Bolitho and Cen Fearnley, authors of *I Ask No Pardon* (Collins; 6s.), need certainly ask no reader's pardon for their admirable and, on the whole, convincing little novel. The task they set themselves wasn't easy—the evocation of a nondescript sort of chap, part poet, part adventurer, whose love for a conventionally-minded, not to say fashionable, woman can so break through her defences as to make her throw up everything—including a wealthy, politically ambitious fiancé—and follow him, if not to hell, at all events to the sun-baked deserts of North Africa. It was when he was living as a bedouin, tending his olive groves near Djidi, that Nada first met Chris, and though the spark of love was struck there, he remained nothing but a memory, till one day, just after she had become engaged to her young politician, Chris turned up in London. The story of his behaviour there and of his conquest—made, alas! too late—is told with economy, humour and a considerable amount of originality. It is something to have got a chap like Chris across.

GEORGE MOZART, well-known music-hall comedian, has written his reminiscences under the title *Limelight* (Hurst and Blackett; 15s.). Mr. Mozart—or should I call him by his real name, Dave Gillings?—can look back on a long stage career dating from the 1880's. His book is studded with memories of famous names—Dan Leno, Albert Chevalier, Gus Elen, Vesta Tilley, Eugene Stratton, Marie Lloyd, Dan Rolyat, to quote but a few at random. The attractive quality about the book is the gusto and complete freedom from self-consciousness with which the author writes. Some of his anecdotes, however, are a trifle thin: they suffer, one suspects, from cold print.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Spring has brought a sudden burst of bright colours, and every shop window is crowded with gay prints. These may be formal or fantastic, and it is a matter of taste whether a woman prefers her dress to be covered in clowns and circus horses, or delicately traced with daisy-chains. Both are equally fashionable. A charming ensemble for warm days is seen on the right from the model gown salons at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is made in printed silk hopsack with a more or less conventional design in unusual colours. The dress is quite plain with short sleeves and a sliding fastener down the front as far as the waist. It is accompanied by a jaunty bolero and costs eleven guineas

Scott Bushe

Spring Salute

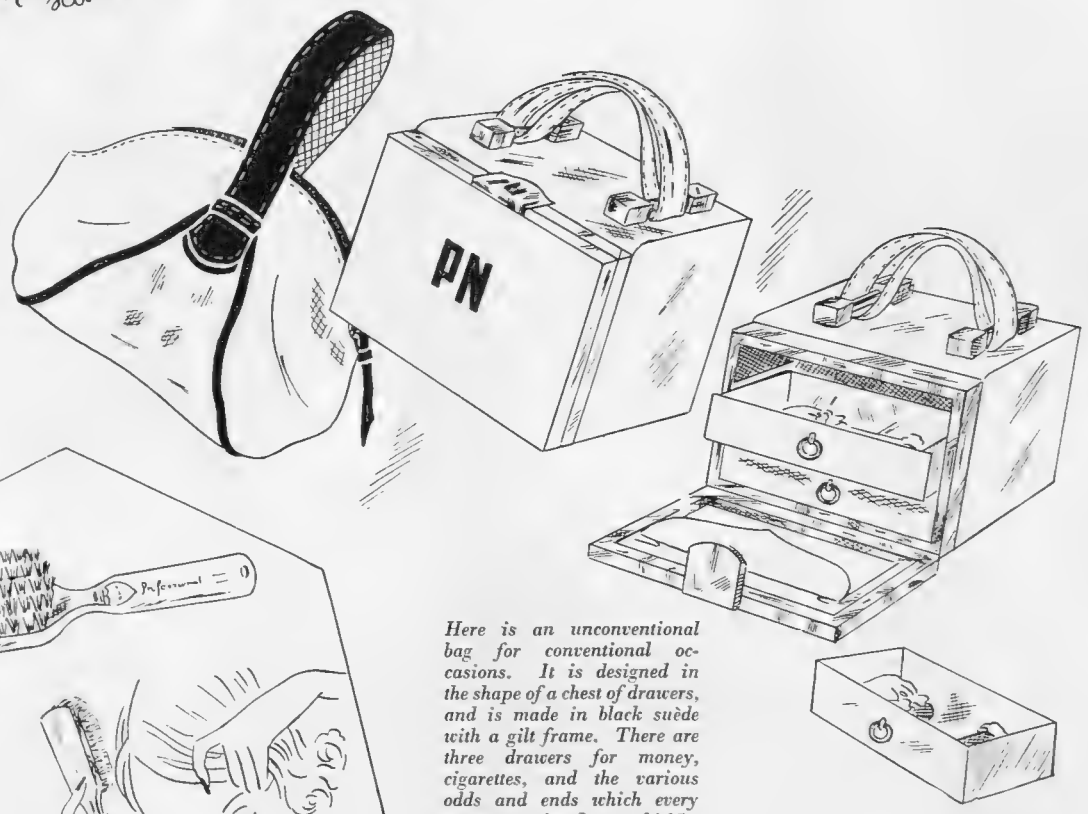
The success of a suit depends very largely on its accessories, and every woman should make a point of going to Harrods, Knightsbridge, for her new spring blouse. She will need several, some plain and others printed, like the one on the right for 59s. 6d. This is in striped chiffon in shades of blue, green, red and white. It is very simple with gathered sleeves and frilling round the neck. Another model in printed silk, designed to wear under a bolero, is entirely covered with hotel labels

Printed foulard splashed with playing-cards makes the blouse below from Harrods. It has short sleeves and amusing buttons carrying out the card design. Another model is available in printed crêpe-de-Chine for 25s. 9d. It is worn tucked into the skirt, and has a small all-over card design

Dressmaker blouses in pastel chiffon are very smart with a classic tailor-made, and here is one in petal pink with an Eton collar and wide tucks running from the shoulders to the waist. It costs 3½ guineas and is available in various shades, including ivory and delphinium blue. People who like long sleeves may prefer another model in finely pleated chiffon with full balloon sleeves. It has a hip yoke and may be worn either over the skirt or tucked into the waist. For practical wear, Harrods are showing smart shirt blouses in suède crepe for 21s. 9d.

Dover Street Studios

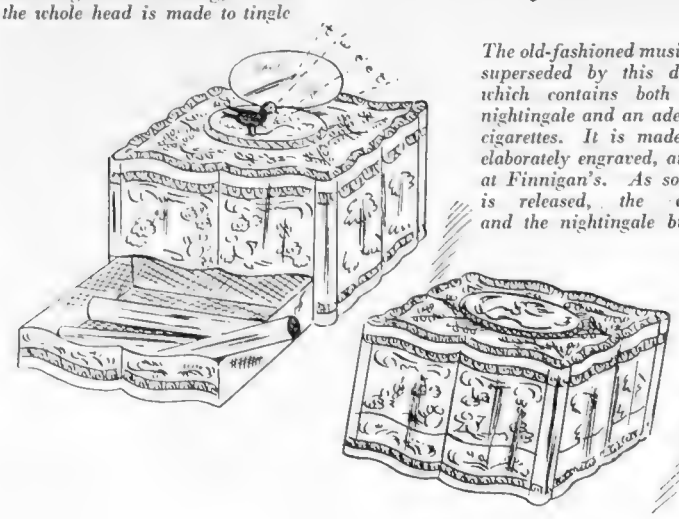
The Bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES



Accessories provide the finishing touch to a spring suit, and Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, are showing an interesting collection of smart handbags. One of their newest designs is sketched on the right in Luxan washable hide. It costs a guinea and is very similar in colour to raw hide. There is a sliding fastener, and both the handle and piping are in dark nigger

Here is an unconventional bag for conventional occasions. It is designed in the shape of a chest of drawers, and is made in black suède with a gilt frame. There are three drawers for money, cigarettes, and the various odds and ends which every woman carries. It costs £4 15s. and comes from Revelation

Recondition your hair with this new friction hair-brush from Truefitt and Hill, 23, Old Bond Street. It has five rows of the best quality bristles and only costs 25s. The hair should be divided into small strands and then brushed or massaged with a short, rotary movement night and morning, so that the whole head is made to tingle



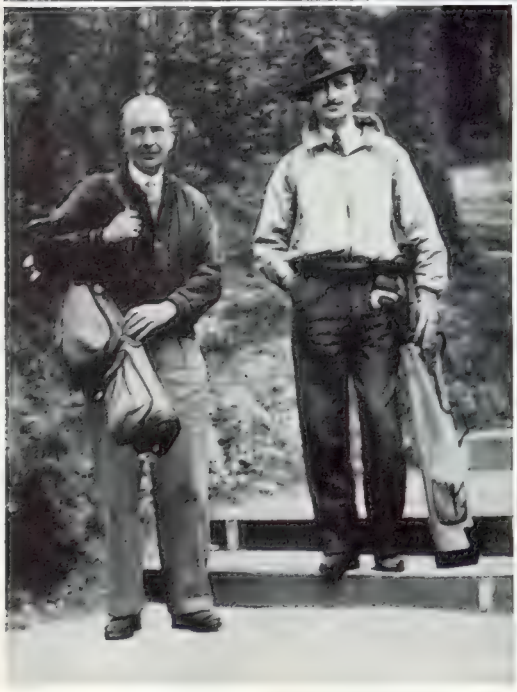
The old-fashioned musical box has been superseded by this decorative casket which contains both a mechanical nightingale and an adequate supply of cigarettes. It is made in metal gilt, elaborately engraved, and may be seen at Finnigan's. As soon as the lever is released, the drawer opens and the nightingale bursts into song

Colour means everything this season, and the brighter it is the more effective it will look. A distinctly cosmopolitan scarf and belt have been designed by Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street. They are in printed crêpe-de-Chine strewn with coloured flags from all parts of the world. The scarf by itself costs a guinea and the belt 17s. 6d.

Golf Clubs at Home

West Wiltshire

This club was founded in 1891 as a nine-hole course of only 253 yards in length. In 1906 a lease of the course was granted by Lord Bath, when a new club-house was built and the course was extended to eighteen holes. Various other alterations in the physical and financial status of the course have been made since. The total length is five thousand four hundred yards



(1) J. Polehampton. (2) S. C. Cockayne (captain and director). (3) H. G. Foley (director). (4) L. F. Webb. (5) F. H. B. Shaw. (6) W. Fitzgerald. (7) R. P. Bowie. (8) H. P. Quartley (director) and P. K. Quartley. (9) T. Beveridge, Major A. S. Hoare (director) and J. Webb (professional)

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★. . . . In Paraguay it was once considered a friendly gesture to exchange a maté cup, made by passing hot water over a bed of herb leaves and sipping it through a metal tube with a strainer at its lower end. Nowadays they get 'maté' over a glass of Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (16th Year)

The First Day's Play at Sand Moor : By Eleanor E. Helme

AGAINST the windscreen drives something large and white : it melts reluctantly ; it is a snowflake. On the horizon, to north, east, west, great clouds are piled in picturesque banks. A gale whistles through the chinks of the windscreen, and round the corners of the Great North Road I feel the tug on the steering of the great north wind. In short, I am bound for BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, and all the traditional accompaniments thereof in the matter of weather are bound for them too.

After that beginning, the practice-day treated us to nothing worse than icy blasts ; on the first day of the tournament the wind was less tempestuous, and by the afternoon the sun positively shone. All the same, I would not take anybody's money who betted on the BYSTANDER flag, flying so bravely from the Sand Moor flagstaff, remaining intact throughout the week.

It is a grand course, this next-door neighbour of Moortown. Not opponents so much as the trouble round the green is going to defeat a good many folk, if I am not much mistaken. The first superficial impression of the course might be that, since there is little to carry from the tee, beyond slopes of excellent fairway, driving is of small value. Never was there an idea more deluded. A short drive or a topped one, or even a crooked one, may not land in immediate trouble, but only a long one, to the exactly intended spot, is going to make access to the green probable, or even possible, with the next shot.

Mrs. W. S. B. Wild and Mrs. Proctor (Leeds) met Mrs. F. Soppitt (Baildon) and Miss P. Campenett (Bradford) in the first round, and were defeated by 6 and 4

Below : Mrs. A. Watson and Mrs. J. R. Bell (Crosland Heath) were a long-handicap pair knocked out in the first round

OF course, Sand Moor, in common with every other course in the kingdom, is crying out for rain, but it is in wonderful order all the same, and reflects, like most other things there, very great credit on Barnes, the pro. If the best players do not come through, they will have nobody but themselves to blame.

The back-markers, Mrs. Swinscoe and the Mrs. Hartley who comes from Brough, also Mrs. Rhodes and Miss L. B. Clark, holders of BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes, have not come into the picture at the moment of writing, both couples having drawn byes ; nor have various others on whom eyes are being kept, but the first day was full of thrills and good golf.

THE first receivers to win that first morning were Mrs. Cheetham of Darlington and Mrs. Craven of Leeds, who had six given them by Miss A. Mellor and Miss K. Heaton, and won by 3 and 1. Close behind them, though, just to keep the balance true, came Mrs. Bason, who has given more strokes then she could reckon in the whole series of Northern Foursomes, having played in every one of them. This time she and Mrs. Whitfield gave five to Mrs. Shipstone and Mrs. Stephenson, and got home by 6 and 4, which was good going. Miss Mary Black and Miss Hotchkiss, a Shropshire pair who are BYSTANDER habituées and a very successful pair, gave seven, and played right down to it, stringing off par figures on the homeward journey to win by the same margin.

Then behind them came a great struggle. Mrs. Johnson (the mother of Mary, who is now Mrs. Toogood) and Mrs. Gash were 3 up and 5 to go. Then there was a bit of a landslide, and after being bunkered at the eighteenth, they had to hole a very gallant putt to halve the hole and go on to the nineteenth, where they won.

Whilst talking of matches beyond the eighteen holes, it would be simplest to forsake chronological order and deal with them

(*Concluded on page 78*)

Miss M. Gresham (S. Leeds), Miss E. Taylor (Pleasington), Miss P. Burton (Pannal) and Miss D. Goldsworth (Birkdale) played a close round, the Burton-Gresham combination winning by 2 and 1

Miss Judith Fowler and Miss V. H. Richardson (Pannal) were beaten by their young opponents from Cleethorpes, Miss B. G. Best and Miss M. Beales

Miss O. M. Shipstone and Mrs. R. Stephenson (Withernsea) were just starting off for a big beating—6 and 4—by Mrs. A. Bason and Mrs. W. M. Whitfield (Prestbury and Upton)

Mrs. R. C. Davies and Mrs. G. W. Wigg (Doncaster) were first-round winners against Mrs. Illingworth (Pannal) and Mrs. J. Boyce (Bradford)

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes *(Continued from page 77)*

all. That match of Mrs. Johnson's was on level terms. Not so the next pair to finish the round square, for Mrs. Wigg and Mrs. Davies, from Doncaster, were getting five shots from Mrs. Illingworth and Mrs. Boyce. Now five shots mean one at the first hole, and therefore the nineteenth. When Mrs. Wigg missed a short putt for the match 4 and 3, her side, too, looked in considerable peril. However, at the seventeenth, the opposition took three putts, and Mrs. Wigg played a clever shot out of the bunker with her putter for the half. All looked over at the eighteenth, for they were still one up, but Mrs. Davies, who had putted so splendidly thus far, missed a holeable one, and there was still all to play for. At the nineteenth, though, there was that stroke to receive, and with it they won.

Then, again, there were Mrs. Woodcock and Mrs. Lyall, receiving three strokes from Mrs. Firth and Mrs. Bulmer, and never being up until they won at the nineteenth; and Miss Wood and Mrs. Barnes, who had been up all the way, getting squared at the eighteenth by Mrs. McMinn and Mrs. Hogg, but struggling home on the twentieth. And, longest and most gallant of all, there were Mrs. Thomson and Mrs. Riddell, giving six strokes to Mrs. Ashford and Mrs. Watts, who, as Sand Moor members, know all there is to know of the course's wiles and winds. Mrs. Thomson and her sister are Veteran golfers of many years' standing and great repute, but that is hardly a recommendation for extra holes on a really big course—Sand Moor measures 6600-odd yards. Well, they were 3 up at the seventh, lost them all, and yet won at the twenty-second, having given two strokes in those extra four holes after the eighteenth. If that does not speak loudly for the pluck of the Veterans, what does?

Of course, it is quite impossible to detail every gallant fight, much more to see them. Mrs. Soppitt and Miss Campenett had won theirs almost before I could escape on to the course from looking at certificates; I saw the finish of Miss Rowland and Miss Allen, who seemed to be playing well, and Mrs. Richardson and Miss Fowler, as it seemed to me, being beaten by the good putting of Miss Beales and Miss Best, and their own mistaken valour in trying to loft a stymie when they had two for the half.

Above all I saw Mrs. Toogood playing every whit as beautifully as she did when she was Miss Mary Johnson, running-up in the English Championship of 1933 and 1934. As partner, she again has Miss Barbara Lees, with whom she won these Northern Foursomes in 1934 and 1935, and the two seemed a really high-class pair, with Mrs. Toogood holing putts that reminded me of how she did it at Westward Ho!. They were giving five strokes to Miss Mary Mulcaster, a vastly improved golfer since her Girls' Championship days, and a county hockey player, and Mrs. Thompson, also from Crewe. Mrs. Toogood must be credited with a chip dead at the second, a long putt at the third, a recovery dead out of a bunker at the fourth, a most glorious iron at the fourteenth, and an exceedingly clever chip down slope and wind at the fifteenth. If Miss Lees did have a couple of hearty tops, she must be forgiven by reason of her good long pitches up to a number of holes, and her long putts at the fourteenth and fifteenth. Miss Mulcaster carried her side nobly, but she and Mrs. Thompson could not stand against the strings of fours, three of them birdies, which Mrs. Toogood and Miss Lees reeled off against them. If they can keep up that form, they will certainly take some stopping. But, of course, it is so easy to write "ifs".

A couple who came over from neighbouring Moortown, well prepared for Yorkshire weather, were Mrs. Walkland and Mrs. R. B. Graham

Miss Barbara Lees (Huddersfield) and Mrs. J. C. Toogood (Hornsea) waiting to play the short twelfth with their Crewe opponents, Miss Mary Mulcaster and Mrs. G. G. Thompson, whom they beat

Another first-round match which had to wait at the twelfth was between Miss Wallace and Miss Taylor (Moortown) and Miss B. Akam and Miss Mary Akam (Shipley)

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Sunningdale Foursomes

By his victory with Miss Pamela Barton as partner, Alfred Padgham became the first professional golfer to win the Sunningdale Foursomes, in which all golfers, whether professionals, assistants, ladies, amateurs, or anything else, can play. The winners defeated in the final L. G. Crawley and Francis Francis, who were conceding two strokes, at the nineteenth hole. The golf in the final was the type which you see so often in finals — much bad play interspersed with many brilliant shots.

With the exception of Padgham, all the players appeared not only afraid of themselves, but also of their opponents, and even Padgham followed the example of two other winners of the Open Championship, Bobby Jones at St. Andrews in 1927, and Walter Hagen at Royal St. George's in 1928, by hitting a short pitch straight into a bunker in front of his nose. Padgham was a very lucky man; his mistake cost his side nothing, as Miss Barton won the hole by holing the subsequent bunker shot.

A stiff breeze blew from the north-west. It was really surprising to see the great difficulty all these players of international class had in attempting to hold even their tee shots into the wind, when it was blowing from left to right. At three holes—the second, sixteenth and seventeenth—where these conditions were experienced, only one tee shot out of the six was not in trouble, namely, Francis's at the sixteenth. At the second, Miss Barton pulled her tee shot quite 30 yards to the left of the fairway, while Francis sliced his into trouble; at the sixteenth Miss Barton sliced badly; while at the seventeenth Crawley followed her example and Padgham smothered his.

Miss Barton and Padgham holed the course in approximately seventy-nine strokes, with no putts on the fifth green, and Crawley and Francis in approximately eighty-one shots. The difference of four strokes in the net scores is due to the fact that at each of the holes at which the lady's side received a stroke, namely the seventh and twelfth, the male partnership required six strokes and lost them both to net fours.

It must be remembered that the playing conditions were far from easy, although they were no worse than they had been in the morning, when the winners had a gross score of approximately one under an average of fours for the fifteen holes which they were required to play.

The lady, in spite of the fact that she hit no fewer than four bad tee shots, made fewer mistakes than any of the others, but she made up for them by playing one good but very lucky shot and three brilliant strokes. Her lucky shot was the one which she holed from the bunker on the left of the fifth green. Her three brilliant shots were her tee shot to the short eighth, which finished about six feet past the pin; her pitch from the left of the eleventh green, where she had only an area which you could cover with your hat on which to pitch; and her chip at the thirteenth, after her partner had been much too strong from the tee. These shots could only be produced by a great player full of confidence. All the last day Miss Barton chipped and pitched to perfection, and with the exception of one very jerky putt on the first green in the final, she hit the ball beautifully and boldly on the greens. It was the superior short game of the winners which decided the match in their favour: actually they played nine bad tee shots to their opponents' six, and yet were three up on the sixteenth tee.

Before the final started I thought that the play of Padgham would be the deciding factor, but after it I did not think that he had gained any more marks than his partner. The difference between Padgham and the others was that he appeared to get his results with no effort or even thought; in fact, he made the playing of the game, even when he played a bad shot, look a very easy thing to do and, of course, he has a perfect temperament for the big occasion and cannot be either rattled or encouraged by anything anyone may say or do. On the sixteenth green, with two for the hole, Crawley asked Padgham how many shots his side had played: Padgham, without the shadow of a smile on his face, gave a typical reply: "Only five."

Winners and Runners-Up in the Sunningdale Foursomes

A. H. Padgham and Miss Pam Barton won the Sunningdale competition, described by Bernard Darwin as a mixed grill, by beating Crawley and Francis at the nineteenth hole

Captain F. Francis and Leonard Crawley were the runners-up at Sunningdale. They reached this position by beating Mrs. H. M. Heppel and Brig.-Gen. Critchley by 3 and 1

Royal Mid-Surrey's Antlers: Winners

Rex Hartley and P. W. L. Risdon won the scratch stroke foursomes tournament for the Antlers from a large, distinguished field at Richmond. Their score was 71+78=149

When the ultimate winners were dormie three all seemed over, and even when they allowed their opponents to win this hole in five, there appeared to be only one possible result, but Crawley at the next two holes produced two really wonderful shots, a clean chip from the bunker on the left of the seventeenth green and a high mashie-niblick shot to the eighteenth green after Padgham had put his side's second shot about six yards from the pin. Both these shots finished about four feet from the hole and left his partner with nasty downhill putts to save the match on each occasion. Francis rose to the occasion and gallantly holed them both.

The nineteenth was rather an anti-climax. Both sides were in trouble from the tee, Crawley in the trees on the right, and Padgham in the "Coffin" on the left, and consequently the second strings had no possible chance of getting home in two shots, but they did all that was possible from very awkward lies. Finally each ball was just over four yards from the pin in three, when Francis, who had to play first, chose a most inopportune moment to have a go for the back of the hole, and his partner missed the putt back, to give their opponents the match.

There are many occasions when it is most advisable to go for the back of the hole; one of them occurs on every green when you play in a foursome with Brigadier-General Critchley as your partner, but it is certainly not one of them when you are playing the nineteenth hole with a partner who has shown clearly that the holing of short putts is even more disagreeable to him than to the majority of golfers. Francis was no doubt frightened that Miss Barton might hole her putt for a four, but even so he would have been well advised to remember Bobby Jones's advice that if you hit your putt the exact strength, the hole has four doors.

Both losers must have thought, when it was all over, that if only they had done that or not done this, their side would have won. I doubt, however, if they would have been right, as every shot at the game of golf affects either directly or indirectly the subsequent play.

This final was great fun for the watchers, but obviously not great fun for those taking part in it except Padgham; in fact, I am sure that it was greater fun than it would have been if less bad shots had been played.

This England

April landscape near Lewdon—Devon

AN April dawn has but to shew inclement for some thoughtless one to quote ironically, "Oh to be in England . . ." Thoughtless, because this is the cry of an exile, yearning for England in the Spring. And mark this, good homekeepers; though he be city-bred, your exile's heartache is always for the English countryside, never for houses or streets. He dreams of long past holidays, the smell of hay and horse's sweat, the sound of a little bell across the Sunday fields, the sight of full-eared barley beneath a summer moon. He feels again the weariness of that last mile, the luxury of the plain wood chair, and that delicious moment as the eye foretastes the cool, full-bodied Worthington . . . of these is our bondage to England spun.

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***The Ladies' Race** in the Surrey Union Point-to-point provided good sport; you can see how close some of the field were at the thirteenth fence: Miss Sheila Price just taking it, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. J. Rogerson leading (they were second and first), and Miss Winnie Hilder, over to the right, still a bit shaky from the jump*

Howard Marshall on Sport

WELL, the Boat Race is stale news now. But I feel it would be inappropriate to leave these notes without a word of comment on Oxford's grand victory.

I don't know how many people realise that Oxford shipped a lot of water right at the beginning, and so were handicapped at once. I don't say this to minimise Cambridge's fine effort, but merely to suggest that Oxford's steadiness in the circumstances was even more praiseworthy than it appeared to be at the time.

Cambridge fought magnificently and were very gallant losers. But the race did seem to prove once for all that the orthodox style, properly applied, is superior to the restricted swing and the reliance on leg-work of the Fairbairn method. I dare say there will be argument about it, but the evidence, it seemed to me, was fairly conclusive.

Oxford owed a great deal to the unruffled stroking of Hodgson; and Cherry's form was superb—he surely is one of the greatest of all heavy-weights. Eadie, the Cambridge stroke, rowed with great pluck, and Keppel, the American from Princeton, was wonderfully good.

Altogether a great race. And the result should prove an immense stimulus to Oxford rowing.

WITH the Boat Race over, our thoughts naturally turn to cricket, pausing for a minute, perhaps, to consider the Cup Final, and whether Preston North End can scoop both the League and the Cup this year. I would not put it past them, for they are a truly great side.

Cricket, however, is mainly in our minds now, for in about a week's time the Australians will be with us. And that is a formidable reflection.

I hear, by the way, that D. R. Wilcox is to play regularly for Essex this summer, which may well prove to be significant. Hitherto, Wilcox has only been able to turn out for half the season. But he is a beautiful opening batsman, and good enough with regular practice to play his way into the English side. He is just the foil we need to young Hutton's dourness; and if Wilcox does open the innings for England, he may also solve another very awkward problem. He captains Essex, and it is by no means out of the question that he will captain England.

IN the meanwhile, what about these Australians? Our cricket pundits are assiduously attempting to keep the national pecker up and telling us on every possible and impossible occasion that we may fully expect to win the Ashes.

There is nothing like confidence—and, upon my word, I see no great reason for being frightened in advance of this Australian team. Don Bradman we take for granted, though even he has proved himself fallible before now on the big occasion.

McCabe is another regular who is bound to give us some trouble, and O'Reilly, with his length and spin, is a great bowler. There are, however, eight players in this Australian team who have not been to England before, and it will take them a considerable time to grow accustomed to the unfamiliar conditions.

Some of them have big reputations. We shall look forward to seeing C. L. Badcock, a squat, thick-set, aggressive batsman, who will hook anything short of a length like a kicking mule. Then there is the stolid Fingleton, a very awkward man to uproot and a brilliant field, particularly in O'Reilly's leg-trap.

E. L. McCORMICK is another one we await with interest, for Hammond reckons him the fastest bowler in the world, for a few overs—almost as fast as Larwood at his best.

I hope he will not shake us quite as severely as he did against G. O. Allen's team at the beginning of the First Test at Brisbane, when his first ball whistled by Worthington's left ear so that, by reflex action, he gave Oldfield a catch behind the wicket. Then McCormick, bowling like a tornado, disposed of Fagg and after that Hammond, jerking protectively at his first ball—somewhere in the region of his ribs—gave an easy catch to short leg. McCormick looked then like a bowler who might go through any side, and we shall watch his opening attack with some apprehension. We should, I suppose, be duly grateful that Clarrie Grimmett will not be here to plague us. And it may be that F. Ward, his deputy, is hardly of the same high quality as a spin bowler. Ward has his moments, however, and may be dangerous on English wickets.

Then there is A. L. Hassett, an extremely consistent batsman, who was second to Bradman in the first-class averages last season, with the highly respectable figure of 71·85.

These are the outstanding newcomers. But we must not allow ourselves to be unduly disturbed by their reputations. They have to prove their quality in strange surroundings and on wickets of unfamiliar texture. And it is possible that, before the campaign is over, Australia will be sighing for some of their experienced veterans.

AS for boxing, Joe Louis seems to have found his most devastating form again. And Max Schmeling must be wondering a little uneasily about his chances.

They say, incidentally, that Tommy Farr may be coming back to this country, now that he has temporarily dropped out of the race in America. It is suggested that he should have a return fight with Walter Neusel, which would be interesting. And it is quite certain that his presence over here would greatly enliven a very dull heavy-weight situation.

***Light Blue** was the colour chosen by Miss G. Mathias for her attractive ensemble on the first day of the Roehampton tournament. She drew Miss Betty Nuthall as her first-round opponent, with fatal results to herself*

Help yourself..and please yourself

"Help yourself to Cigarettes." As a business woman and hostess I know that invitation to be a most useful conversational opening ..... particularly if the Cigarettes are Player's, because "all the world and his wife" seem to prefer Player's, either "Medium" or "Mild." So I always offer a box of each with the injunction "Help yourself and please yourself" knowing for certain they will.

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Player's Please

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The Torchbearer *(Continued from page 67)*

If it hadn't been for Maurice she would never have been able to go on, during the last four years, being what, for Geraint, was the perfect or almost perfect wife. Life with the exotic spider, the fragile grey frog, would have frozen her to death. It was four years ago, just as she was beginning to feel that she was at the end of her tether—that the beautiful, refined, ineffectual life with Geraint was no longer endurable—that she had met Maurice and, a few months later, become his mistress. And that had changed everything. Her love for Maurice and his love for her had brought back the warmth and gaiety of which, for years, she had been deprived. Once again she had begun to feel exuberantly alive, as she had felt before she married: once again it was delicious to wake in the morning and know that another day was waiting for her. The only flaw in her happiness was the need for caution in their meetings and the fact that she was meeting Maurice behind Geraint's back. The need for caution was not very irksome. It was easy, after her readings, to run round to Maurice's flat for an hour before dinner, and, since Geraint was often away for a night or two attending sales in the provinces, or for several nights in Paris visiting museums or exhibitions, there were frequent opportunities for her and Maurice to spend a night or several nights in some quiet country hotel. But she longed to make an end of the concealment, to tell Geraint everything. If only she could make him understand that he was losing nothing that he had not lost before. But she dared not try, because she knew that it would hurt him horribly. Though she was incapable of entering his beautiful ice-cold world, she understood intuitively what it must mean to him, and she believed that if she were to tell him that she loved and lived with another man, that the most valuable of his treasures was a fake, his world would crash about his ears. She dared not run the risk of inflicting that on him. It was impossible to be deliberately cruel to a creature as kind, as unfailingly considerate as he had always been to her. She comforted herself with the thought—the strange thought—that if it had not been for Maurice she would have found it impossible to go on being the wife of Geraint. If only Geraint would meet some lovely, cold, ethereal woman and fall in love with her! And yet, even if he did, he would be too kind, too considerate to let himself go. Ah, but if such a thing were to happen, she would know: he would not be able to disguise it from her, and she would question him, lead him on, compel him at last to confess, and then she would confess to him and they would be free.

Elsa roused herself with a sigh. What on earth had started her indulging in such an absurd dream? She looked at her watch. It was a quarter past three. She was reading that afternoon in the Caledonian Road from four to five-thirty. It was high time to get ready. When the reading was over she would take a taxi and snatch an hour with Maurice in his flat before returning home for dinner, and she hurried to the door, glowing with happiness at the thought of her hour with Maurice and, before that, of her talk and reading to the roomful of men, women and children, hungry for the relaxation and enjoyment she was able to give them. . . .

A week later Elsa and Geraint, having finished dinner, retired to the drawing-room, and now, instead of taking up the new book on English Glass from which, for the last few evenings, he had been taking careful notes, Geraint went over to the Queen Anne chest and began to finger once again his Dresden shepherdess. All through dinner Elsa had noticed in him a more than usual constraint. What, she had wondered, was the matter. A terrifying thought had shot across her mind. Had he, somehow, heard about her and Maurice? Was it possible? But now she was reassured, for Geraint replaced the shepherdess on its exactly appropriate spot and turned to her with a schoolboy's embarrassment. "Elsa, I have a confession to make."

He hesitated, twining his long, white fingers together like a fly cleaning itself. She saw that he was blushing. "Well, Gerry?" she said, with the smile of a drily indulgent mother.

He glanced at her nervously. "I hardly know how to tell you. I 'm really very ashamed of myself. The fact is, I 've—I 've fallen in love with. . . ."

Elsa almost leapt to her feet. Her face broke into a friendly, welcoming smile. Heavens! Her dream, her absurd dream, had come true. She was delivered, suddenly, beyond her wildest hopes, from her burden of secrecy, and she was free, free at last. "Yes, Gerry?" she said, smiling at him. "Don't be afraid. You know you can tell me anything."

But even now he couldn't get it out. His mouth opened and then shut again without a word uttered.

"You 've fallen in love?" she said gently. "And why shouldn't you? Tell me. I 'm sure I shall understand. You 've fallen in love. . . .?"

"Yes," he faltered; "yes, with a lovely Chinese toad."

"A toad?" she said, in a voice as faltering as his.

"Yes," he broke out with a sudden rush of eloquence; "a four-legged toad in light-brown jade, of the Han dynasty. But the price is—is sixty guineas."

THE END.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

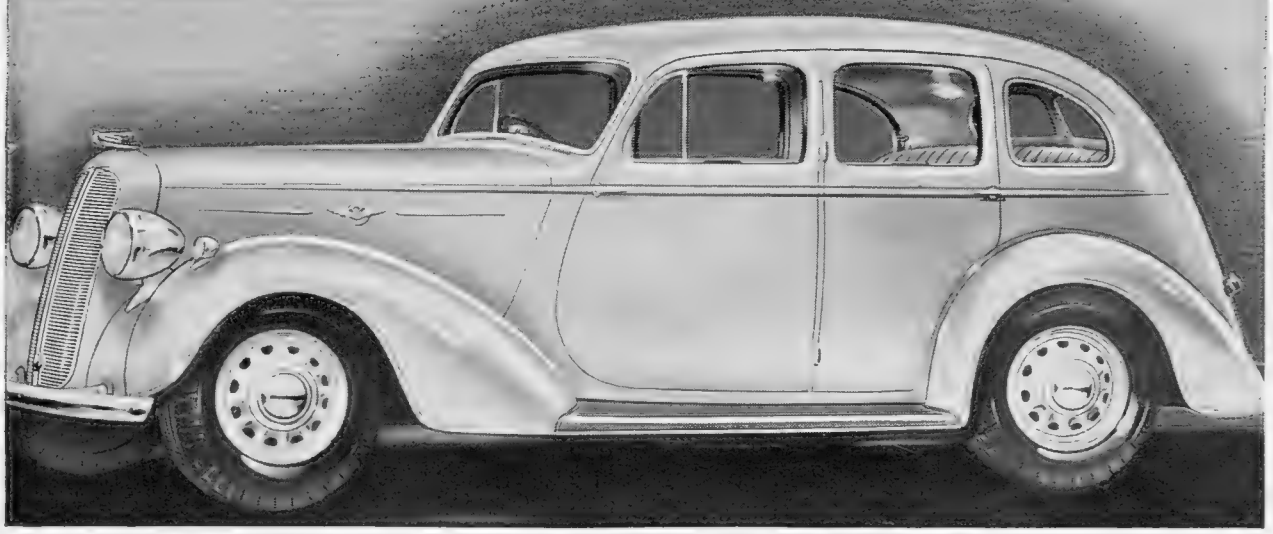
March Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Ker	North Downs	78	15	63	70	7 below
Mrs. Godwin	Hockley	81	15	66	72	6 "
Mrs. Hankey	Addington	86	17	69	75	6 "
Mrs. W. P. Blyth	Barrackpore	85	18	67	73	6 "
Mrs. G. K. Morrison	Potchefstroom	81	11	70	75	5 "
Miss Beryl Harvey	Stoke Poges	87	16	71	76	5 "
Miss Harcourt	Aston Wood	87	16	71	76	5 "
Mrs. D. Irving	Shirley Park	84	16	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Pembroke	Dyke	78	10	68	72	4 "
Mrs. A. B. Smith	Nevil	82	12	70	74	4 "
Mrs. D. Hall	Macclesfield	80	12	68	72	4 "
Miss Ward	Yelverton	83	13	70	74	4 "
Miss F. E. Stewart	Exmouth	83	16	67	71	4 "
Miss Joan Hives	Chevin	76	6	70	73	3 "
Mrs. Leslie	Addington	83	11	72	75	3 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. J. Smith	Burnham Beeches	90	32	58	74	16 below
Mrs. P. W. Makinson	Ormskirk	98	36	62	74	12 "
Mrs. Mellowes	Hallamshire	101	34	67	77	10 "
Mrs. Carey	North Hants	91	27	64	73	9 "
Lady Doria Neumann	Sunningdale	85	19	66	74	8 "
Mrs. L. A. Clark	Jodpur	81	19	62	70	8 "
Miss M. Fennell	Thanet	94	30	64	72	8 "
Mrs. Manaton	The Warren	102	36	66	74	8 "
Miss Y. G. Sykes	Formby	101	36	65	73	8 "
Mrs. Stewart	North Hants	93	27	66	73	7 "
Mrs. W. D. Hayle	Garforth	100	34	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Dunning	The Woolton	99	34	65	72	7 "
Mrs. Attwood	Hockley	100	35	65	72	7 "
Mrs. E. Smart	Ashford Manor	105	36	69	76	7 "
Mrs. Uber	Cuddington	90	20	70	76	6 "

HILLMAN '14'



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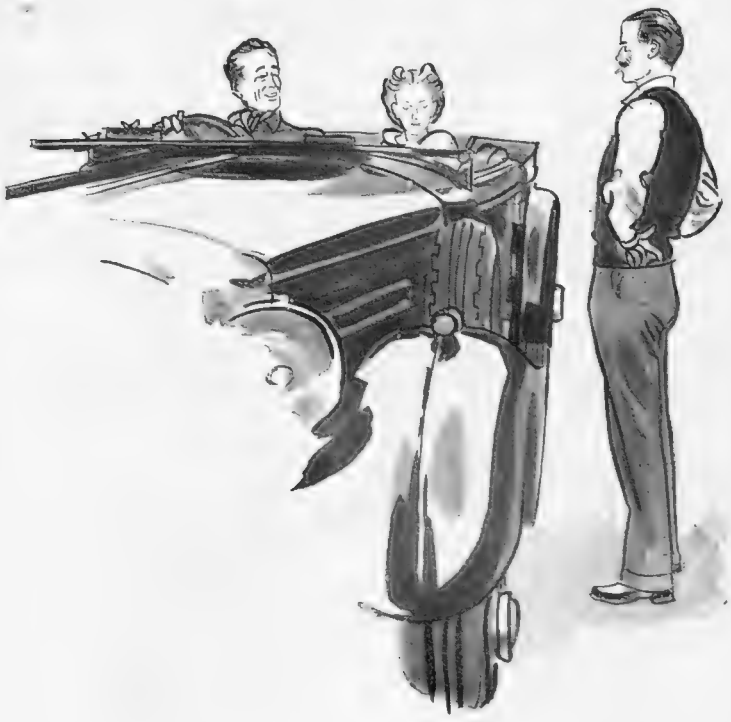

"She answers to the slightest touch — on 'BP' Ethyl!"

BP ETHYL

FASTEST for cars

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

How do you propose to spend Easter? For ardent motorists the choice is indeed wide. The R.A.C. and A.A. have been working to capacity for weeks past in their respective touring departments preparing Easter tour itineraries for their members, while for those who are not going far afield, the sporting side presents many attractions next week-end.

On the night of Good Friday the annual London to Land's End Trial starts — that hardy perennial which takes hundreds of expert drivers through the lovely by-ways of Devon and Cornwall. At Brooklands on Easter Monday there will be the usual and ever-popular Easter fare, much enlivened on the one hand by the Campbell Trophy race, a scratch event, run over ten laps of the new road course, and on the other by the special race over two laps of the same circuit which has been arranged for "baby" Fiats. All the fastest Brooklands cars will be seen in the outer circuit races, and as an extra attraction, John Cobb's potential land-speed record-breaker will be on view to the public for the first time. At Donington, the usual Easter Monday motor-cycle racing will take place, and the organisers tell me that so great has been the rush of entries that they have been compelled to close the entry-list three weeks before the official closing date, with no fewer than 300 entries—a record, even for Donington!

Other motoring events scheduled for this Eastertide include the Dublin University Grafton Cup Trial on Saturday; the Scottish Sporting Car Club Two-Day Trial, starting the same day; the Ulster Circuit-of-Ireland Trial, from Saturday to Tuesday; and on Easter Monday the Middlesbrough and District Motor Club's Hill Climb. So, you see, a pretty full week-end of motoring sport is in prospect.

If, however, you are an ordinary motorist—and not an enthusiast for the sporting side—it is possible that you are putting your car into commission again after its winter rest, with the idea of taking the family for a long run. Well, if I simply *can't* persuade you to buy a new car, I can at least pass on to you some of the very helpful tips just issued by the A.A. for those checking over their cars at such a time.

Of first importance, say the A.A., is the question of lubrication. An egg-cupful of engine oil should be introduced with a syringe into each cylinder and the engine rotated by hand to ensure a film of oil on the walls. The engine-sump should be drained and filled with new oil, but it is best to do this after the engine has been warmed by running it for a short time. The filter should be cleaned and the supply in the gear-box and axle "topped-up." Do not forget the radiator, if it has been emptied during the winter, and water-joints should be examined for leakage. Filters in the carburetter, petrol-supply pipes, float chamber or fuel pump must be cleared of dirt or obstruction, and if an Autovac is fitted, any sediment should be drained out through the drain-tap.

Starting difficulty with an old type of engine may mean that the magneto contact-breaker is stuck up, due to a swollen fibre bush in the rocker-arm. A light dressing of the bush with a "pencil" of fine sandpaper will free it. With coil ignition the points should be examined, cleaned and, if necessary, adjusted; and the automatic advance mechanism lubricated (the car's "instruction book" usually contains directions for doing this).

Decarbonisation, if considered necessary, should be put in hand immediately, so that the parts settle down and valve-tappets can be adjusted before the holiday tour. Moreover, if the car needs any specialised attention or repair, arrangements should be made at once. For some days before Easter, most garages are overwhelmed with work and may be unable to complete all the jobs in hand. If the engine is not to be decarbonised, the valve-tappet clearances should nevertheless be checked and corrected if necessary. Sparking-plugs should be taken out, cleaned, dried and the points re-set if the engine has not been run for some time. The battery will need to be "topped-up" and recharged by a local battery service station if it has not received periodical attention during the winter. Its terminals should be carefully cleaned and coated with vaseline, the cell tops being finally cleaned and thoroughly dried off. A little attention to the springs and shock-absorbers will be well repaid in the improved riding qualities of the car. Hydraulic shock-absorbers should be "topped-up" with fluid of the correct type and the road-springs cleaned by means of a stiff wire brush, and a good penetrating oil containing graphite applied along the edges of all the leaves. In regard to general lubrication, it is a good plan to use in the gun a thick transmission oil, in substitution

(Concluded on page iv)

THE ROVER TWENTY

Rover 20 h.p. Sports Saloon - £425

"It is as if the tourer had been designed twice, made more powerful than was necessary and then, with all the invaluable features of a successful ninety-mile an hour car (which must be as good and "clever" in every way as the available brains and money can make it) smoothed down into a polished town-and-country car with a sedateness of behaviour that is deceptive. It is one of the most comfortable cars to drive I remember."

John Prioleau in "The Observer" 27/3/38

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One of Britain's Fine Cars

CVS—207

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page ii)*

for the usual grease, for application to all chassis nipples such as spring shackles and all steering connections. A copious supply should be pumped through each joint, and will have the effect of expelling the old dried grease and freeing the joints to an extent that will make the steering particularly light and responsive.

With the road-wheels clear of the ground, the brakes should be checked and adjusted and the tyres examined. Any flints should be removed from the treads, the tyre valves checked, and if any leaky or defective valve centres are noticed, new ones fitted. Serious cuts should be properly vulcanised; the complete wheel should be handed to a garage for this purpose. Inflation pressures must be checked with an independent gauge and corrected, not omitting the spare wheel. The wind-screen wiper blade—and in the case of a suction-operated wiper, the rubber tubing—should be examined and renewed if necessary. Lamp-bulbs and wires should be carefully inspected for faults. If the head-lamps need re-focussing, this can be undertaken in the garage, and the working of any "dim-and-dip" mechanism checked at the same time.

The tool-kit, pump, etc., should be inspected, and deficiencies made good. Spares or extra equipment are seldom needed on tour nowadays, but two useful items are a good tyre-repair outfit and a reliable electric torch or inspection-lamp. The picnic-basket equipment and stove will probably need cleaning and overhauling The whole car should be thoroughly cleaned for the new season, not forgetting the interior, for which the extension pipe from the domestic vacuum-cleaner is *most* useful, especially for cloth upholstery and, of course, carpets.

Finally, remember to renew the car licence. If the driving licence and the insurance policy are still valid, be sure they do not expire during the Easter holiday, and make certain that the former is signed.

The Coronation Trophy: *these two are W. G. Everitt (M.G.) leading P. Maclure (Riley) round one of the Crystal Palace bends in the race won by B. Bira in his cousin's E.R.A.*

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, *32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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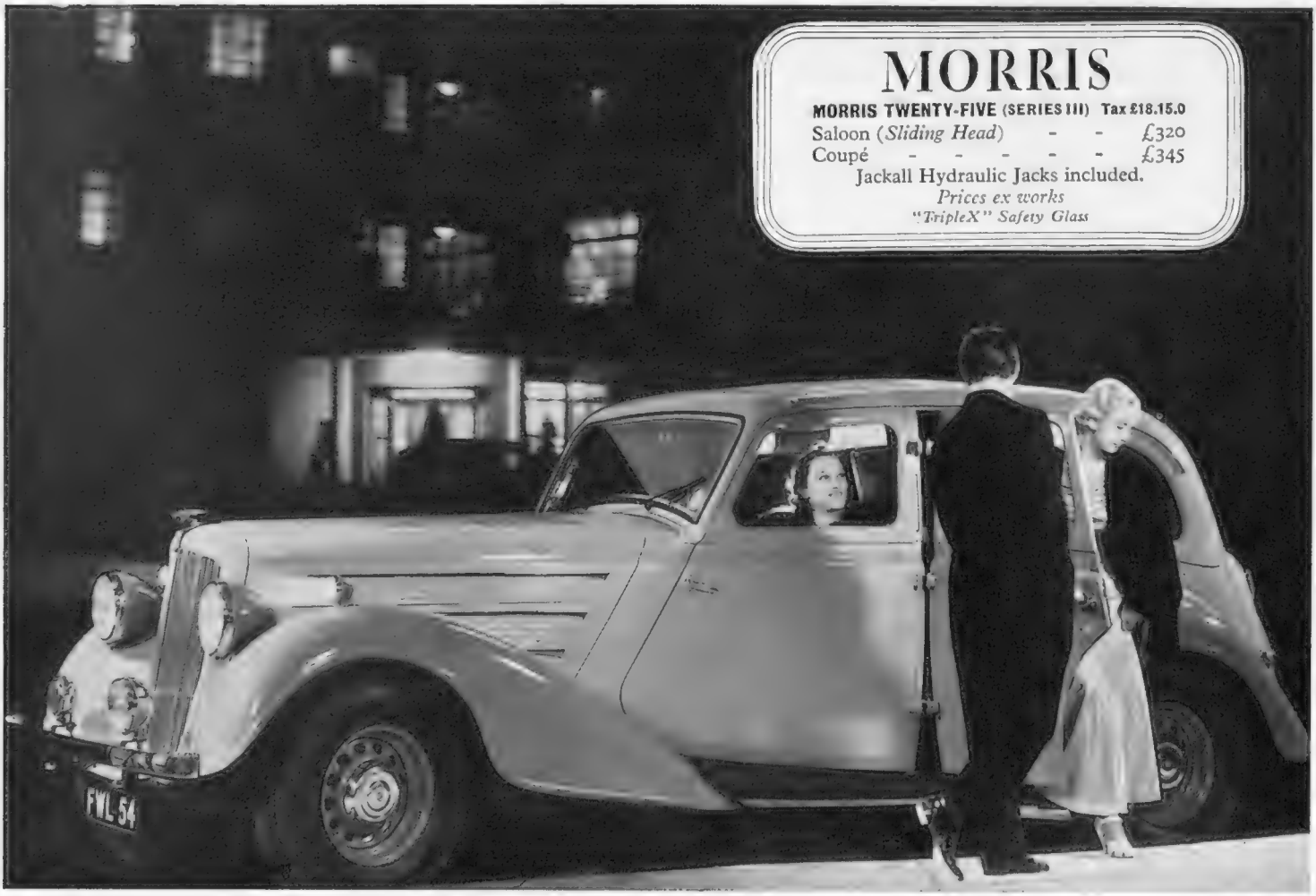

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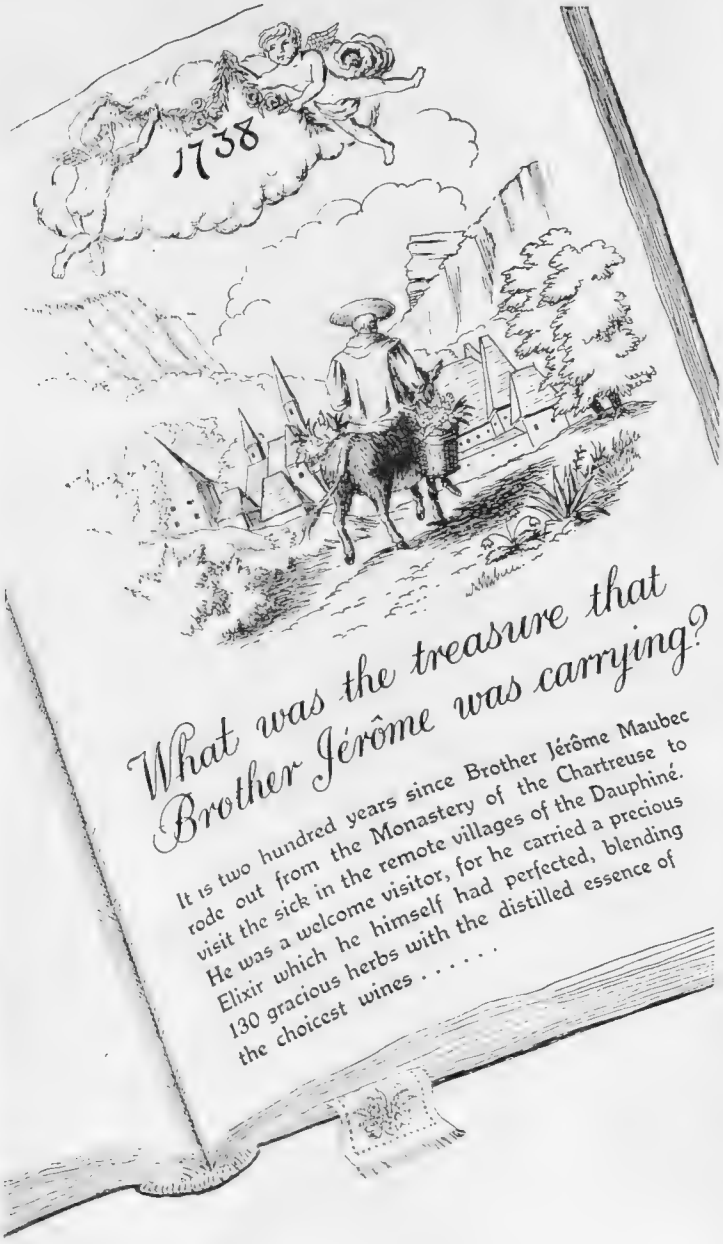

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THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1938)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (14th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

Holders: Miss Kathleen Garnham and Mrs. A. H. Gilligan.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 22nd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 25th.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 22nd, 1938.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (14th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

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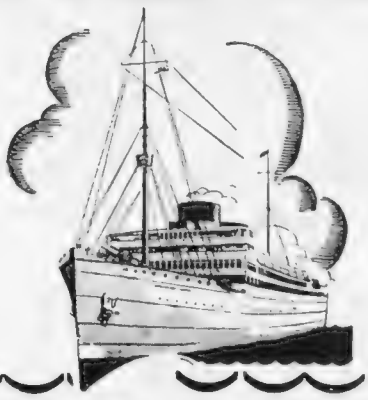

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An impression of the brilliant setting of this year's Ideal Home Exhibition.

OPEN SESAME!

The Treasure Cavern which opened to Ali Baba's command sinks to insignificance beside the spectacle that awaits you at Olympia this year. Here, by the magic of the modern genii Art and Industry, you are presented with a breath-taking bejewelled setting for the finest Ideal Home Exhibition of all.

Here in the City of Glass you, as it were, walk into the midst of a gargantuan regalia: Glass in every form and hue picks up and returns the light, colour and movement of this great Exhibition in a vast ever-changing kaleidoscope. In this sensational setting is centred the Glass House at which no one can throw stones!—The Glass House in which one can live in comfort and content.

The Exhibition, as ever, covers every aspect of home-making, with new ideas at every step—a thrilling pageant of the world's latest and best means of bringing comfort and beauty to the home.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Simon — Macdonald

Joseph A. Simon, nephew of the late Sir John Soundy and Lady Soundy, of 2, Glen Aray Mansions, Osborne Road, Windsor, and Marion Lindsay Macdonald, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Macdonald, of Dinmore, Maidenhead, were married at St. Peter's, Furze Platt

Wilson — Moore

Andrew Gordon Wilson and Priscilla Margaret Moore were married at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. He is the eldest son of Major and Mrs. Walter Wilson, of Lower Chilland House, near Winchester; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Moore, of Lime Tree Farm, Chartridge, Bucks.

Furer von Haimendorf — Barnardo

Reichsritter Christoph Furer von Haimendorf und Wolkersdorf, Ph.D., married Elizabeth Barnardo at the Brompton Oratory. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Frederick Barnardo, of 18, Melbury Rd., W.14; her father is a nephew of Dr. Barnardo, the philanthropist

Boult — Symons

Flt.-Lieut. Norman Boult, son of Mr. V. Boult, of Michael's Farm, Gerrard's Cross, and Mrs. Boult, married Peggy Marshall Symons, daughter of Mr. S. Marshall Symons, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Mrs. Symons, of Cape Town, at St. George's, Hanover Square

Whinney — Elphinstone

Lieut. Dennis Vigne Whinney, R.N., youngest son of the late Edward Whinney and Mrs. Whinney, of Ash, near Canterbury, and Margot Mary Elphinstone, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Elphinstone, of The Hook, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Buchanan-Dunlop — Serjeant

At St. Paul's, Swanley, Kent, Capt. Archibald Ian Buchanan-Dunlop, Royal Scots Fusiliers, second son of Lt.-Col. A. H. Buchanan-Dunlop, of Drumhead, Dumbarton, and Mrs. Dunlop, of Musselburgh, Midlothian, married Renee Caroline Frances Serjeant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Serjeant, of Hextable, Kent

Armstrong MacDonell — Wilson

Captain Lucius Armstrong MacDonell, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Armstrong MacDonell, of Broomlands, Dumfries, married Valerie Wilson at Alloway, near Ayr. She is the elder daughter of the late George Lothian Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of Castlehill, Ayr

Powell — Collard

Robert William Powell, son of the late William Powell and Mrs. Powell, of Dunkery, Avonmouth, and Charity Rosamond Collard, daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. B. St. G. Collard, late of Blackhill, Milford, Surrey, were married at Charterhouse Chapel

Spicer — Delamere

Oliver Edward Spicer, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gage Spicer, of 20, Old Queen Street, S.W.1, and Elizabeth Delamere, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Delamere, of Johannesburg, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

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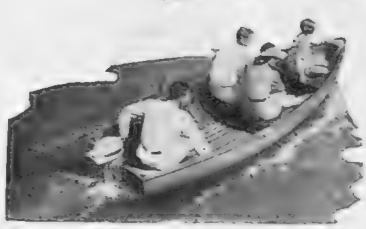

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There is A Thrill in Touring When You ...*Take*-

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 13—April 19

First Night and Matinèe dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Sinclair Lewis's book is transposed to the stage without enough skill but is skilfully acted by Gladys Cooper as the unpleasant Fran and Philip Merivale as Sam: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE KING OF NOWHERE.—In Bridie's play about the borderlines of personal and political sanity, Marda Vanne plays a dominating spinster, Laurence Olivier a deranged actor who would be a dictator: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE PAINTED SMILE.—A charming but vague piece about the circus; Walter Hudd a journalist, Greta Gynt a danseuse: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oskar Homolka plays a doctor who dictates his terms for saving mankind, C. V. France supports: Savoy, 8.30.

ROAD TO GANDAHAR.—A would-be melodrama in Persia, strong men, strong drink, strong explosive, Lilli Palmer, Malcolm Keen, Martin Walker: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—A drama of spiritual significance in rhythmical prose and verse with full-blooded performances by Harcourt Williams, Marie Ney, Alan Napier: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, is back at its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 103.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

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KEITH PROWSE
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159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

"Mad About Music"

Herbert Marshall has a pseudo-paternal part in Deanna Durbin's charming new film: at the Leicester Square

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GHOST FOR SALE.—Ronald Jeans' comedy is about a haunted house, with more laughs than thrills, and A. E. Matthews: Whitehall, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOONSHINE.—A confused Irish play whose brightest spots are Arthur Sinclair and Maire O'Neill: Ambassadors, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess, with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Richard Llewellyn's thriller has Margaret Yarde, Dorothy Black and Walter Fitzgerald: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

First Nights

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool: Princes, to-night, 13th.

CORIOLANUS.—Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike play the leads: Old Vic, Tues., 19th.

CINEMAS

BRINGING UP BABY (American).—Katharine Hepburn is good in crazy comedy, Cary Grant is excellent, the story is very funny: Gaumont.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (British).—Elissa Landi and Robert Donat are in this revival: London Pavilion.

THE DRUM (British).—Something about this film is very attractive, whether Sabu, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson, fine technicolour shots of North-West Frontier country or an exciting tale, we can't say: Odeon.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life, and death of a passion: Rialto.

HER JUNGLE LOVE (American).—Lovely, smooth Dorothy Lamour and handsome Ray Milland in a Hollywood "primitive" in technicolour: Plaza.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Marble Arch Pavilion.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE (American).—Grace Moore's newest musical vehicle: Regal.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Herbert Marshall lends tone to Deanna Durbin's newest musical, as charming as the others: Leicester Square.

NINA PETROVNA (French).—Isa Miranda is the mistress of a Viennese baron (Aimé Clariond) but loves a penniless officer (Fernand Gravey); tragic fare: Curzon.

THE PURITAN (French).—This is a prize film with Pierre Fresnay, Vivianne Romance and Jean-Louis Barrault: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SCARFACE (American).—Paul Muni and George Raft in a revival of the gangster clean-up thriller: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

LA TENDRE ENNEMIE (French).—A sweet, sad tale, not unlike *Un Carnet de Bal*, about young love and the ghosts of old love: Studio One.

A YANK AT OXFORD (British).—Robert Taylor in the name-part, Griffith Jones, Vivien Leigh, Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn in a witty and hearty film of varsity life: Empire.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA AND GIANNI SCHICCHI.—To-night, 13th, 8.

LES SYLPHIDES, HOROSCOPE, LES PATINEURS.—Thurs., 14th, 8.30.

GREYSTEEL AND THE IMPRESARIO.—Sat., 16th, 2.30.

THE MASTERSINGERS.—Sat., 16th, 6.45.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA AND GIANNI SCHICCHI.—Mon. 18th, 8.

CARMEN.—Tues., 19th, 8.

MUSIC

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.—The B.B.C. Orchestra and Choral Society, under Sir Henry Wood, with Muriel Brunskill, Parry Jones, and Harold Williams, in Elgar's work: Queen's Hall, Good Friday, 3 p.m.

SPORT

HALFORD HEWITT GOLF CUP.—Deal, Fri., 15th—Mon., 18th.

BROOKLANDS EASTER MONDAY MEETING.

WELSH GRAND NATIONAL.—Cardiff, Tues., 19th.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
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Sighting that long-looked-for streak of land, a foreign port of call, the seaman's heart gladdens with anticipation . . . he knows that "a bit of Old England" awaits him through The British Sailors' Society. Its Institutes and Hostels in world ports are means of happiness to thousands of seamen . . . but this great friendly service needs financial support. Will you help? Gifts will be welcomed by the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14. (Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary).

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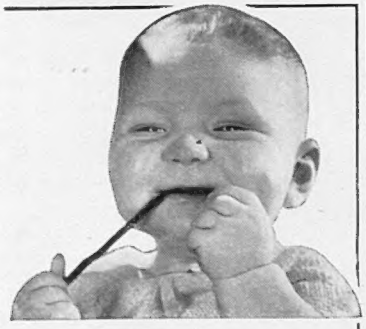


One in a Million

Will you give just one of the million half-crowns needed annually by the N.S.P.C.C. to protect children against cruelty and neglect?

Donations welcomed by Director, Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

★

Please listen-in to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Bristol, Easter Sunday, 8.45 p.m. in the National Programme.

ONE MILLION HALF CROWNS Needed Every Year

N·S·P·C·C

Eastertide Charities

Four Deserving Causes

The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free)

NOT once, but many times, in these columns, have the lurking dangers of cancer been vilified. Helping the "Royal Free" is not so much a charity as a deadly necessity, an A.R.P. measure of the race against an insidious foe. Anything that can be done to forward the efforts now being made by The Royal Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, to give hope to those afflicted by providing treatment and a possible cure is surely more than worth while.

We commend this urgent appeal to the generosity of our readers, and would ask them to support this more important work to their utmost extent.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THIS very famous institution needs no introduction. At this season of rejoicing it is hoped that all who have the children's cause at heart will remember the needs of the largest family in the world, now looking forward to the joys of Eastertide. Easter gifts sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes will help to build up a fitter Britain.

An Easter-egg of 10s. will provide a fortnight's food for one child. Gifts should be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The British Sailors' Society

IN many home and over-seas ports, our men of the sea are reminded that the homeland remembers them through the hostels and institutions of the British Sailors' Society.

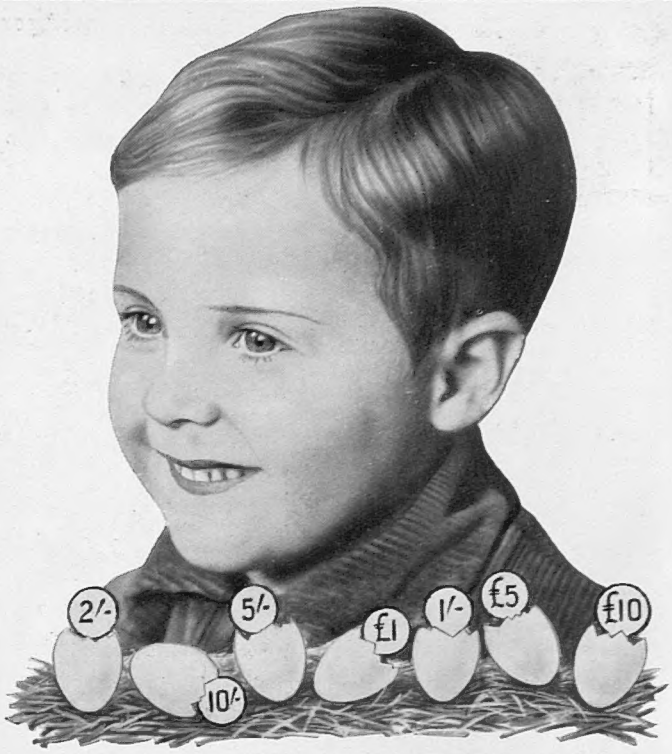
At these "Home-from-Homes," a cheery welcome awaits them and everything possible done for their welfare. Every year, some 1,250,000 visits are made by seamen and 200,000 beds occupied. At home, too, the Society is active on seamen's behalf.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, will welcome help for the maintenance and extension of this great spiritual and social work, and gifts sent to him at 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14, will be gratefully acknowledged, while full information will gladly be given by the General Secretary, Mr. Herbert E. Barker.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children

AMONGST the various philanthropic organisations of our land the N.S.P.C.C. to-day occupies a place of honour as the champion of the Nation's oppressed children. That there should be any necessity for such an agency is regrettable indeed, but while human nature remains what it is, many children will suffer. To deal with this evil wisely and effectively, rather than in a merely punitive direction, is the constant aim of the N.S.P.C.C.

The Director, Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., will be grateful of gifts for the work, which should be sent to him at the Society's head offices, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.



WHAT CAN YOU AFFORD TO SEND?

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

appeal for EASTER offerings towards the maintenance of their 8,200 children.

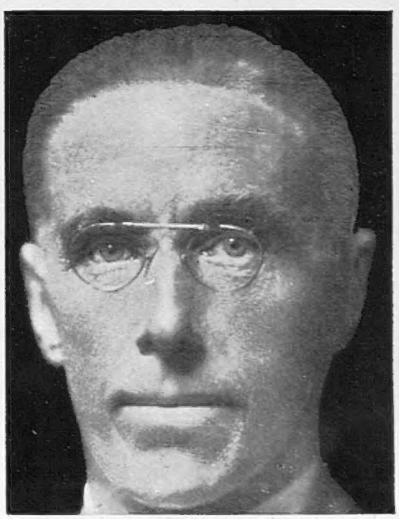
AN EASTER EGG will be very acceptable.

Cheques, etc. (crossed) payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to: 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

"No greater claim upon our pity"

WARWICK DEEPING *writes:*

"Not only as one who has been a doctor, but as a man who has watched someone who was very dear to him martyred by this terrible disease, I do appeal to those who can help to come to the succour of The Royal Cancer Hospital. No institution could have a greater claim both upon our pity and our purses."



Help is urgently needed to build Four New Wards. Please send a Special Easter Gift to the Treasurer.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

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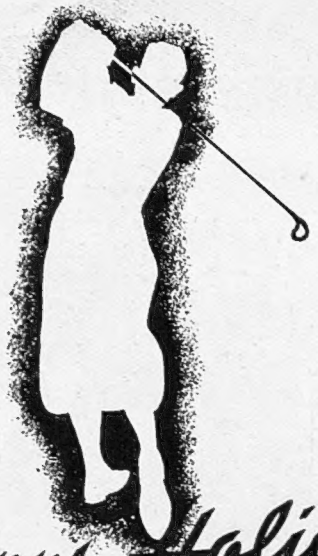

Happy Holidays

give strength for the winter's work. Swimming, golf, tennis, shooting, dancing, are all on the menu of

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that world-famous cosmopolitan spa for heart and rheumatic disorders.

You can make a cure or spend a splendid holiday there. Lovely scenery, entrancing walks and beautiful grounds await your coming.

WRITE TO:
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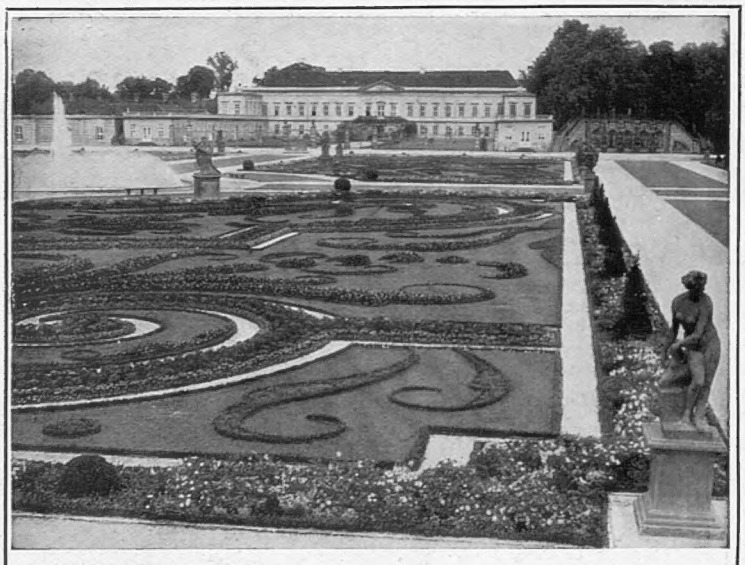


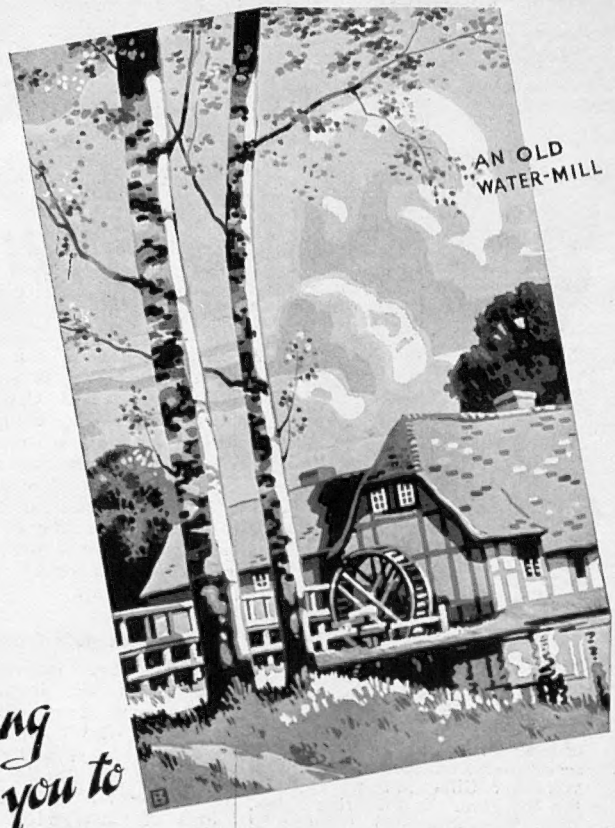
A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth-while when one is in Germany.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George 1 before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is, indeed, a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the Garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

Information and Literature through German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent St., S.W.1 and through the Verkehrsverein, Prinzenstr. 5, Hanover.



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Germany will give you a holiday you will remember always. Who could forget the legend haunted castles of the Rhine, the grandeur of the Bavarian Alps and the peace and quietude of the German forests? Entrancing old towns like Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber and Dinkelsbühl will make history live again for you. Bad Homburg, favoured resort of Edward VII, and other famous Spas will bring you renewed health and vitality, and the modern cities of Germany will offer you entertainment and diversion in plenty. Everywhere you will find a ready smile, an unaffected eagerness to please. And you won't be plundered. Living is very reasonable. Rail fares are reduced up to 60 per cent. and you get about 20 Travel Marks to your £, provided you buy them outside Germany.

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„Then, in the second place, there was the voyage to Baden-Baden for the Grande Semaine.
What a lovely haughty place! He would look through the fluttering lace curtains of the Stephanie, and watch the moping willows above the pool, and the sleek foliage of the chestnut trees reaching down towards the sparkling regimental wavelets in the stream below. His mother would take him along to the tenniscourts . . . On the sunny terrace of the little tennispavillion stood big red umbrellas, and underneath these white tables where coffee and coffee-cakes were served . . . In the distance the baroque fountains were playing beneath the huge English elms, and beyond these the white marble bust of the Grossherzogin peered quizzically through the shrubbery . . .",

Cure while you play in

BADEN-BADEN
BLACK FOREST

Fashionable social life all the year round.
Golf, tennis, riding and every other type of sport.
CASINO: Roulette, Baccara, Klondyke.

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Special brochure "England in Baden-Baden", free of charge.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
in 'The Two Gun Dick' saloon,
They'd had a pack on a winning hack
that very afternoon

Reading "The
Evening Argus"
sat Dangerous
Dan McWho;

Serving the drinks behind the bar,
the lady known as Sue.

(But DUGGIE, the Lad with
No limit you'll find in
Shaftesbury Avenue)

Then out of the night which was
dripping wet and into the din and glare
Came Tubby Squibs with the winners' dibs and a horrible glassy stare.
He looked like a man who has heard the worst, as he ordered a double rum.
And the boys all waited with tenseness for the thunderbolt to come.

They'd backed a rank outsider which came home at a fancy price,
Placing their 'dough' with a bloke named Joe, against Dangerous Dan's advice;
They'd sworn he was straight – "He may be, mates," said Dangerous Dan McWho.
"Will he pay the odds?" And he'd sent *his*
wire by the lady known as Sue
To DUGGIE, the Lad with No limit,
in Shaftesbury Avenue.

When the boys all heard that thirty-threes
was the most that they had got,
They started to bellow that Bookie Joe
was the son of a you-know-what.
Behind his evening paper,
grinned Dangerous Dan McWho.
For he had won at 100 to 1 with the wire
that was sent by Sue—

To Duggie
-the Lad with NO limit

of Shaftesbury Avenue.

(With apologies to Robert Service and incidentally to H. Leach)

– he's waiting to open a Credit Account with you.

DOUGLAS STUART - STUART HOUSE - SHAFTESBURY AVE - LONDON - W.C.2